

SECRET ISSUE

**NATIONAL
LAMP****POON**

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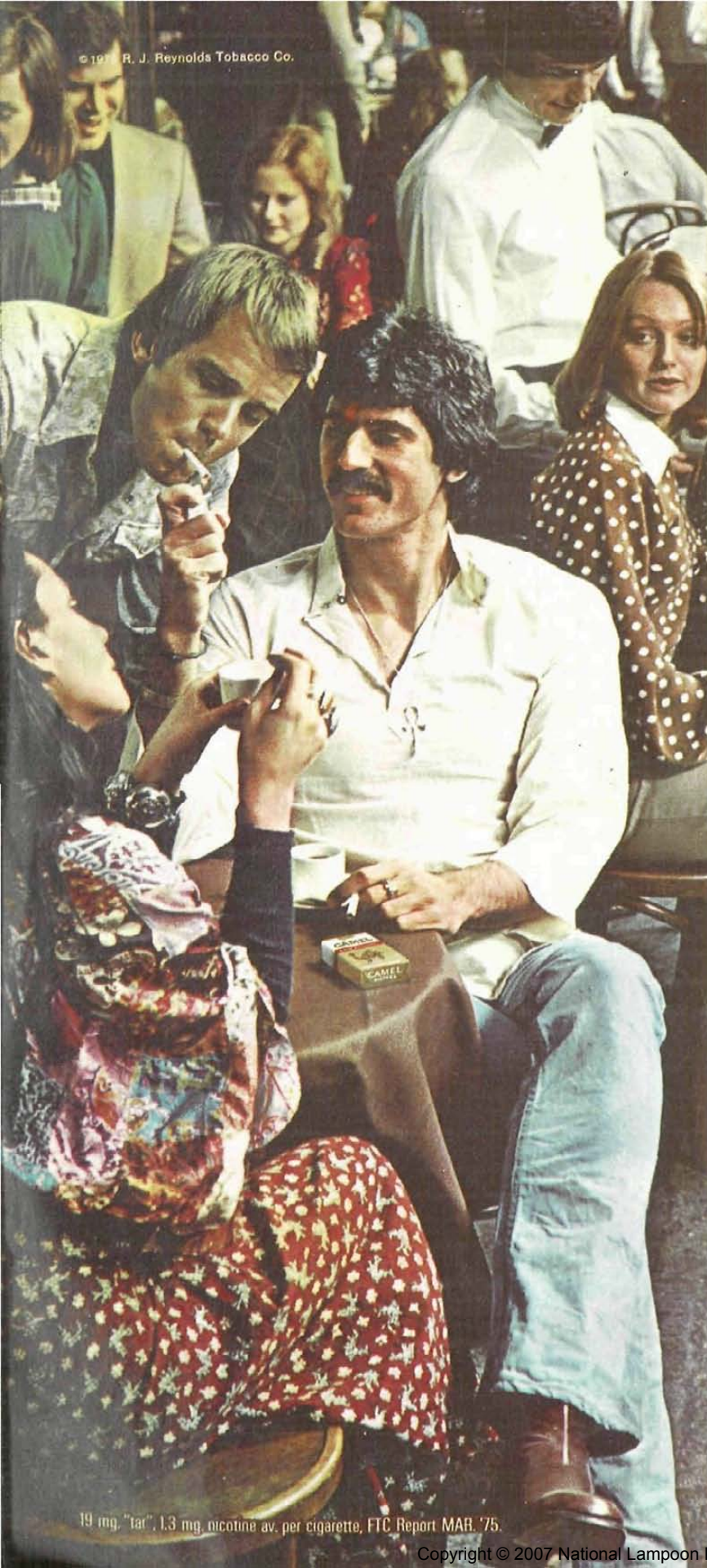
JANUARY 1976

THE HUMOR MAGAZINE

PRICE \$1.00

**KENNEDY REKILLED
U. F. O.'S INVADE
C. I. A. PENETRATED**

and MYSTERIOUS FIRE HYDRANTS



One of a Kind.

He does more
than survive. He lives.
Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.
He gets it from the blend
of Turkish and Domestic
tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

You can't experience today's high fidelity with yesterday's record changer.

Most high fidelity manufacturers watch each other to find out what's new. At Pioneer, we keep our eye on the audio enthusiast to find out what he wants. That's what keeps us ahead of all the others who are watching all of the others.

If you look at the sale of record playing devices — and we have — you'll see that sales of manual turntables are increasing four times faster than the sale of record changers. The reasons are clear: Record changers were designed a generation ago — for another generation. Designed for hours of uninterrupted background music at cocktail parties.

Today, your needs are probably different. When you listen to music, you listen to music. You're involved with the sound — and with your equipment. And *only* a manual turntable can offer you this level of involvement.

It's part of Pioneer's responsibility to understand and anticipate your changing needs. As a result, we now offer you the most complete line of professional manual turntables available. Each one of them delivers the highest level of performance, the most sophisticated features and the greatest value in its price category. And all of them have the precision engineering and quality that are part

of the Pioneer legend.

When you buy your next record player, shop smart. Consider what you want — and what you need. If you need performance, precision and quality — and want the involvement that only a professional turntable can provide — you'll get a Pioneer.

It's as simple as that.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
75 Oxford Drive, Moonachie,
New Jersey 07074.
West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles
90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf,
Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 /
Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

 **PIONEER**[®]
when you want something better



PL-71 Direct-Drive Turntable

The editorial this month was shaping up like a real winner. At Reuben's, over a Sharon Tateburger, I repeated a couple of the riffs to Schmata Hari, a charming company spy for one of the garment district's largest dog wrappers, and sure and heck if they didn't pop up in a Radio Free Europe TV commercial featuring the Smothers Brothers and a singing mucus puddle barely a week later. Good news travels fast.

But then, each time I sat down to write, things would start to...happen. New York, as usual, suddenly becomes ground zero for the whole fucking culture and folks won't be paying the cops with daughters in Buffalo and Frisco until maybe fifteen minutes from now. (Tell Harry to dump New York State paper the minute the *Daily News* morning edition reports the lunchbuckets kicked in their pensions.)

Who killed Kennedy? Okay, it was me. I did it. I slipped out of third period study hall, hotwired one of the school Oldsmobiles, and left it at the

airport under an assumed name. Arriving in Dallas, I changed into cheerleader drag, thumbed down a pig, and let him suck my vaccination scar until he dropped me off at the parking lot tunnel entrance leading to the grassy knoll. The N.R.A. builds men, not boys.

P.J. and I had planned to detail the consequences of this mad act in Mexico when upon arrival in Puerto Villarto it is discovered somebody "forgot" the typewriter ribbons. The three-color kind that you need to be really funny.

Then the "flat tire" outside of Greensboro, N.C., and a two-day search for a 185/70 radial and 30-wt. unicorn blood. Not to mention the massage parlor just inside Greensboro that looked like a gas station, if you can believe it. P.J. finds gas stations particularly homey, and recently acquired half-interest in a jug of dating cologne that puts her right in the pit with a rutting Greyhound Traveliner.

Speaking of cocaine, not fifteen inches (quick, how long is your peter

in metric!) away is the Last of the Coke that Mary Renault promised somebody as a reward for dialing H. & R. Writers' Block. Don't take cocaine, kids. It's one of the subtlest, i.e., a rip-off, introduces you to Citizen Noseblood and his two-handed red bandana ream, plus (this is the killer), you can't afford it.

Well, anyway, just remember that for every demented lunatic who wants to kill the president, there's one who doesn't want to kill the president. He should write, he forgot his rubber duckfeet.

D.C.K.

Cover: This month's cover is a tit with an eye in it by Peter Kleinman and Chris Callis. Mexico was great. Don't order dog.

Note: Heartfelt apologies and a summons for assault go out to P.J. for the omission of his byline on *Nickleknous* in the December ish and the solid brass lampstand he planted in editor Hendra's coccyx, respectively.

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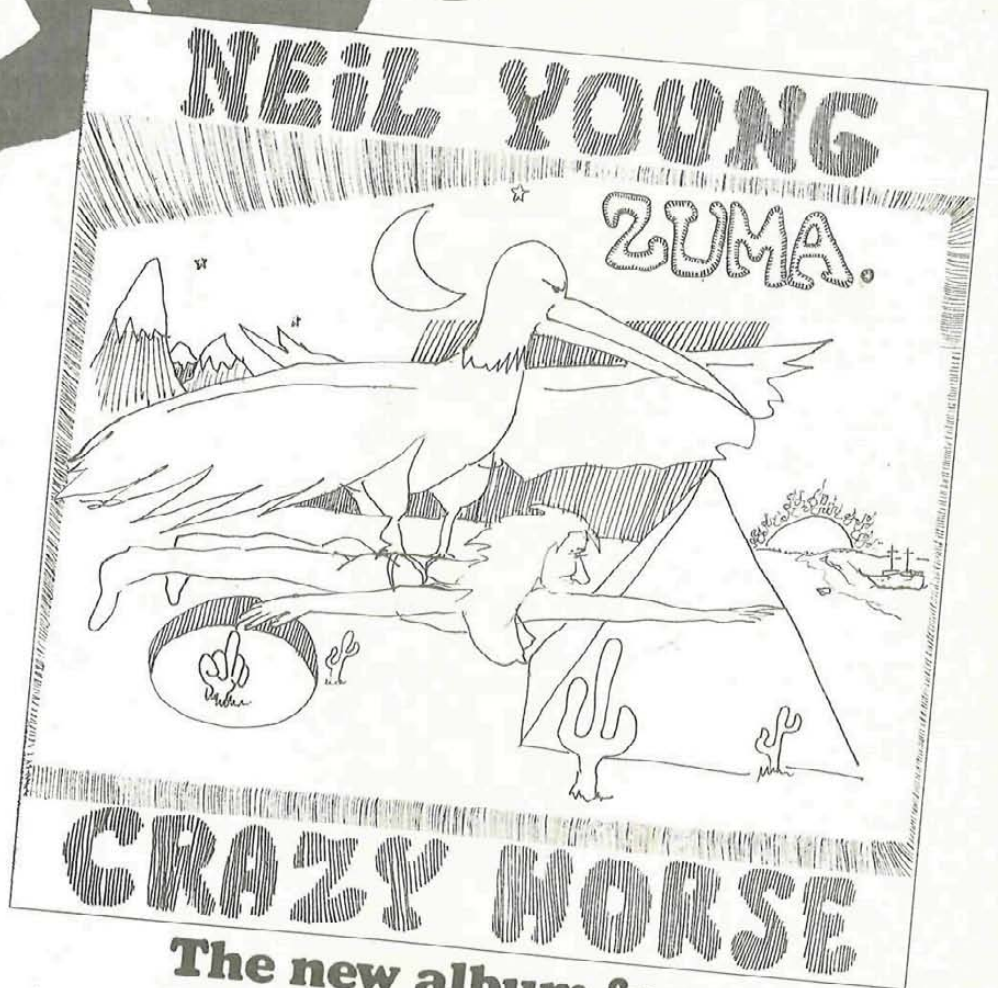
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*The greatest hits of the seventies.
"Chicago's Greatest Hits." On Columbia Records and Tapes.*

*25 or 6 to 4 / Does Anybody Really Know What Time It Is?
Colour My World / Just You 'N' Me / Saturday in the Park
Feelin' Stronger Every Day / Make Me Smile / Wishing You Were Here
Call On Me (I've Been) Searchin' So Long / Beginnings*

ZUMA



The new album from
Neil Young
With Crazy Horse

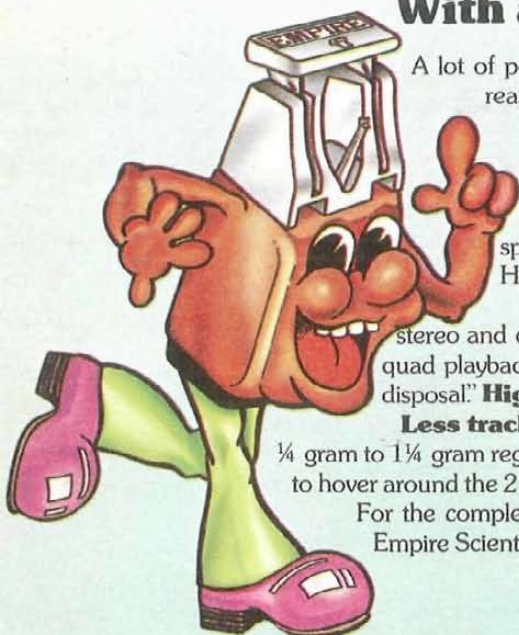


On Reprise records and tapes

MS 2242

Keep on trackin'

With an Empire wide response cartridge.



A lot of people have started "trackin'" with Empire cartridges for more or less the same reasons.

More separation: "Separation, measured between right and left channels at a frequency of 1 kHz, did indeed measure 35 dB (rather remarkable for any cartridge)." **FM Guide, The Feldman Lab Report.**

Less distortion: "...the Empire 4000D/III produced the flattest overall response yet measured from a CD-4 cartridge—within ± 2 dB from 1,000 to 50,000 Hz." **Stereo Review.**

More versatile: "Not only does the 4000D/III provide excellent sound in both stereo and quadriphonic reproduction, but we had no difficulty whatever getting satisfactory quad playback through any demodulator or with any turntable of appropriate quality at our disposal!" **High Fidelity.**

Less tracking force: "The Empire 4000D/III has a surprisingly low tracking force in the $\frac{1}{4}$ gram to $1\frac{1}{4}$ gram region. This is surprising because other cartridges, and I mean 4 channel types, seem to hover around the 2 gram class." **Modern Hi Fi & Stereo Guide.**

For the complete test reviews from these major audio magazines and a free catalogue, write: Empire Scientific Corp., Garden City, N.Y. 11530. Mfd. U.S.A.









EMPIRE

Choose the Cartridge Designed to Play Best in Your System

Plays 4 Channel Discrete (CD4)
and Super Stereo

Plays 2 Channel Stereo

Plays All 4 Channel Matrix Systems (SQ, QS, RM)

Model	4000 D/III	4000 D/II	4000 D/I	2000 E/III	2000 E/II	2000 E/I	2000 E	2000
Frequency Response in Hz:	5-50,000	5-45,000	10-40,000	5-35,000	6-33,000	8-32,000	10-30,000	10-28,000
Output Voltage per Channel at 3.54 cm/sec groove velocity:	3.0	3.0	3.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0	5.0
Channel Separation	more than 35dB	more than 35dB	35dB	35dB	35dB	35dB	30dB	30dB
Tracking Force in Grams:	$\frac{1}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{4}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	$\frac{3}{4}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$	1 to 3	$\frac{1}{2}$ to 3
Stylus Tip:	miniature nude diamond with .1 mil tracing radius ™4 Dimensional	miniature nude diamond with .1 mil tracing radius ™4 Dimensional	miniature nude diamond with 1 mil tracing radius ™4 Dimensional	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	nude elliptical diamond .2 x .7 mil	elliptical diamond .3 x .7 mil	spherical diamond .7 mil
For Use In:	turntable only	turntable only	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	turntable or changer	changer only	changer only
								
	(White)	(Yellow)	(Black)	(Clear)	(Blue)	(Green)	(Red)	(Smoke)



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Make Jensen OPC speakers a part of your system.

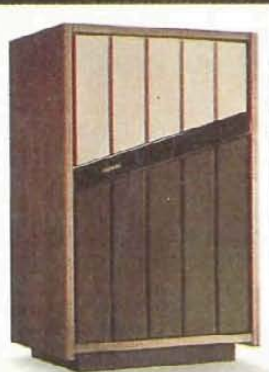
When you add these new Jensens to your new or existing component system, it's not only going to add quality to the sound. It's going to add a little bit of you.

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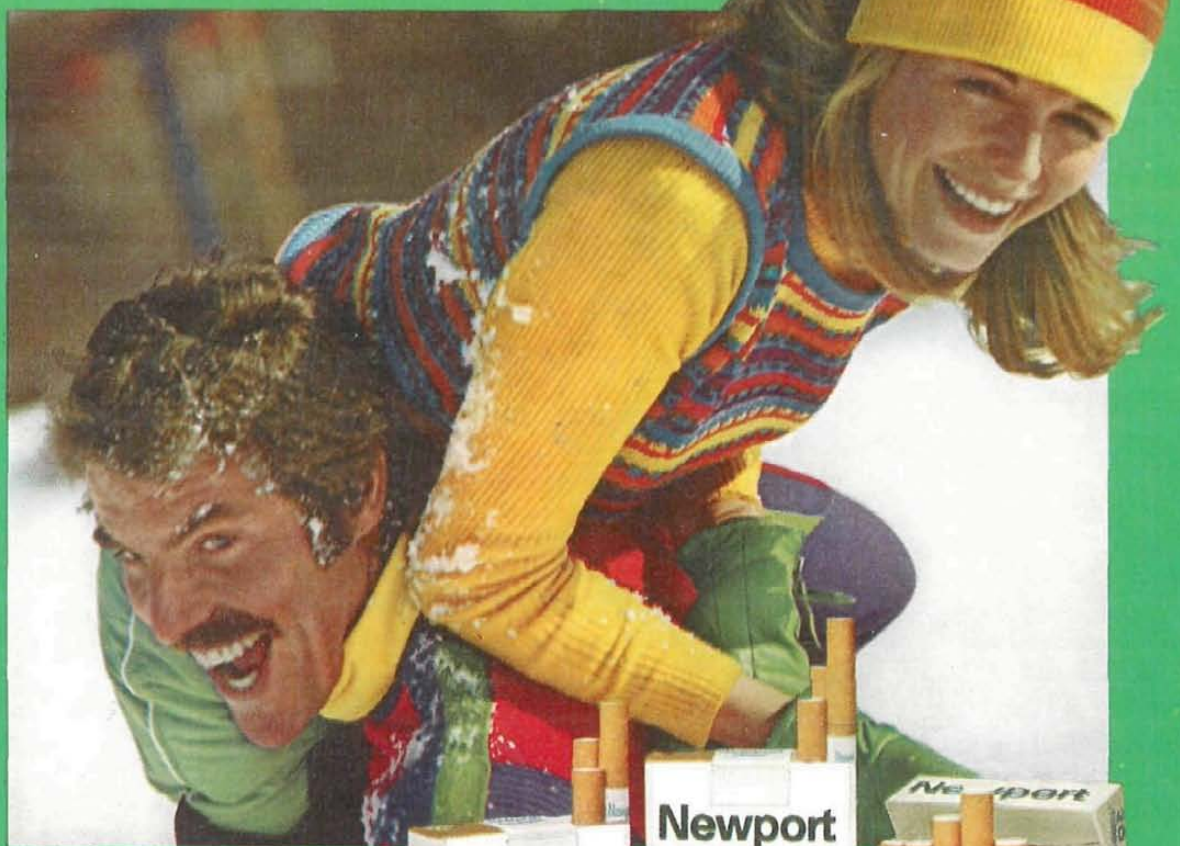
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SOUND LABORATORIES

Division of Harman Int., Schiller Park, Illinois 60176



Alive with pleasure! **Newport**



*After all,
if smoking isn't
a pleasure,
why bother?*



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box and Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 21 mg. "tar",
1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Apr. '75.



Sirs:

You want to know what really cracks me up? It's the little *pttt* sound that cans of Tab make when you pull off the pop top. I think it's terrific.

Andy Warhol
New York, New York

Sirs:

Jeez, am I pissed! You know what she used to do? She used to come over to my place and hold olives between her teeth and steal all the jokers from my deck of cards, and then yesterday she comes over and changes the time on my clock radio and hangs all my crucifixes upside down. Don't I have a right to be pissed?

Puck

D-D-D-Dear Ed-d-ditor.

M-m-my ffriend t-t-told m-m-me t-t-this j-j-joke. A m-m-man w-a-a-alks iinto a d-d-diner a-a-and s-s-says, " " " I-I-I'd l-l-l-ike a c-c-c-up of c-c-coff-ffee, p-p-please." " " T-t-t-he w-w-waiter s-s-says, " " " C-c-c-coming u-u-up," a-a-and g-g-gives h-h-him the c-c-coffee. A-a-another g-g-guy c-c-c-comes i-i-in a-a-and a-a-also o-o-orders a c-c-cup of c-c-coffee. T-t-t-he w-w-waiter s-s-says, "C-c-c-coming u-u-up." S-s-so the f-f-f-first g-g-guy s-s-says t-t-t-to the w-w-waiter, "W-w-were y-y-you m-m-making f-f-fun of m-m-me"? A-a-and the w-w-waiter s-s-says, "N-n-n-no. I w-w-was m-m-making f-f-fun of the o-o-other g-g-guy."

Z-z-zke P-plitsk
B-b-bik-k-kini I-i-i-island

Sirs:

Maryland, the seventh state to join the Union, has an area of 10,577 square miles. It is nearly three times as large as Delaware, and would fit nicely into Kentucky if you chopped off some of Wicomico County and sort of squashed it up into the Chesapeake Bay. Its largest city is Baltimore. The most abundant natural resources are water and Little Tavern

hamburgers. Major industries: horse racing, seborrhea, karate. State Bird: pink flamingo. State Flag: yellow and black quadrangles on dark rye with cole slaw.

Dick Shepherd
Severna Park, Maryland

Sirs:

What's all this I hear about us machines organizing and throwing off the oppression of the "fascist pinks"? Don't gimme any of that crap about equality. Come the revoloooshun, those smartass IBMs'll get all good stuff and us garbage-garglers'll wind up with a coupla washers and a shot of oil every Christmas. Big deal. Fuck that shit. Madge and me got a good thing going here, and I'm not gonna kiss it off for a few Commie electronic assholes. Tell them to stick that in their inputs and scan it.

Joe Insinkerator
Madge's Sink, N.J.

Sirs:

Helen Keller used to peek. Enough said.

Anne Sullivan

Sirs:

The existence of God is not a concept which requires blind faith, but simply a logical mind that is willing to accept the irrefutable evidence that abounds everywhere in our daily lives. This evidence not only proves God's existence, but other things about Him as well.

For example, we have all heard and read about various computers which are able to solve incredibly complex problems. These computers are the products of the best technological minds in western civilization, and are sometimes the size of a city block, requiring care and maintenance by many programmers and operators.

Yet the human brain, the same one you and I were born with, is a hundred thousand times more complex than the most sophisticated computer man has yet to build; and it is small enough to be held in your hands!

It doesn't take blind faith to be able to conclude from this that, not only does God exist, but that He is probably Japanese.

Gardner Ted Armstrong
Los Angeles, Ca.

Sirs:

A few issues back I told you about my little ol' forty acres called the

Slough of Despair. I'm now quite proud to announce the opening of Woe World—thanks to a hefty loan from the Emir of Jockrashi, I have converted my private gloom into a six-million-dollar Xanadu of hopelessness. Don't expect to see Goofy or Pluto at the gates of Woe World; you will instead be greeted by the boatman Charon and his grouchy mutt, Cerberus. They will grumpily escort you to various rides like Bleak House, the Sealed Tomb (Aida's Scream), and the Cramped Roman Galley. If that doesn't wilt your spirits, you can slink over to the Woe World Repertory Playhouse and watch my latest play, "Savage God, Part II," wherein the hero (Job Schopenhauer) is subjected to the green-apple trots and a travelogue on Bolivia. Our entire staff is agog with torment. Name me one other park where you can cast your grin to the wind.

C.S. Lewis
Gnash-on-Teeth, England

Sirs:

Broken arms
Can come true
It can happen to you
When you get in my way.

Frank Sinatra
Palm Springs

Sirs:

Right on, Frank.
For what is a man?
What has he got?
If not his goons,
Then he has not!!!

Sal and Vic
Everything East of Newark

Sirs:

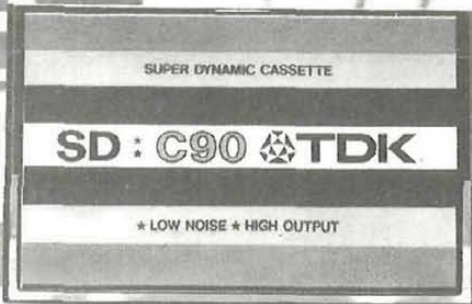
It has been our policy to use the new machine gun bullet spray when women in my country have feminine odor trouble with their junta.

Sometimes we spray the men and the children.

General What's-it
Chile

Sirs:

Now keep this under your hat. I just heard testimony linking Jack Beanstalk (our undersecretary of agriculture) to the 1973-Sheepdip scandal. Beanstalk, you'll remember, was also a principal in the shady deal which sent 50,000 head of Guernsey cows to Russia in exchange for three magic beans. Anyway, I had Beanstalk on the ropes—I was giving him the ol'



IT BROUGHT THE CASSETTE FROM THE TOYBOX TO THE HI-FI.

IT COULD BE YOUR BEST BUY IN SOUND TODAY.

TDK SD pioneered the standard for the quality of today's cassette sound, and its small cost now makes SD a big value. Here's the story. Early cassettes had toy-box quality recording capabilities, but when SD hit the shelf, cassette recording became high fidelity for the first time.

Fact is, many manufacturers of high-quality tape decks use SD to standardize their machines' bias.

Why? Because it has maximum capabilities in overall sound reproduction—consistent and reliable in each tape you buy.

SD. Just perhaps your best buy in sound. Your closest to ideal.

TDK Electronics Corp.,
755 Eastgate Boulevard,
Garden City, New York 11530.
Also available in Canada.



Wait till you hear what you've been missing.

Louis Nizer whammy during cross-examination when all of a sudden his wife comes busting into the courtroom. "You must quit coming in these chambers, Marilyn," spake the Judge. Of course, it was a marvelous pun. Beanstalk was wheezing with laughter, so there went my confession! But mark my words: the next time I get him in court, his ass is grass and I'll be the lawnmower....

Noah Peale
Blackstone, Delaware

Sirs:

Love to chat, but Hef's got a pup tent in his Farahs and I've got to get back to the mansion. You've got to do your fishing when the tide's in, so to speak.

Barbi Benton
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Rocky:

Jesus, I'm really sorry. I really am. I can't figure out what the fuck happened. I must have been so nervous that I picked up the kid's squirt gun on the way out of the house or something. Boy, am I embarrassed. Looks like you don't owe me anything after all.

Michael Lance Carvin
Maximum Security, Fla.

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Call Toll Free:
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\$23.97
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Imagine a fine-quality, wallet-sized computer no larger than your business card, ready to use anywhere, any time you need it. Imagine an ingenious 1/4" thick snap-out recharger unit that you plug into the wall at bedtime and instantly snap back into your micro-sized computer the next morning. Forget bulky rechargers, adapters, wires, cords, etc. forever. Imagine 8 digits, 6 functions, including an automatic constant and a % key!

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— 24 - @ \$23.97 each (20% discount)

Add \$2 per unit for shipping/insurance

Enclosed is the business card design I would like to have engraved on each machine. (Cost is \$3 per unit regardless of quantity)

Check or M.O. Enclosed (Ill. residents please add 5% tax)

Please Charge My Credit Card Checked Below:

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790 Maple Lane, Bensenville, Ill. 60106

SUBTERRANEAN SCUMBO VISITS:

CLAUDE THE ARCHITECT IN: HOW TO WORK!

LET'S STOP BY AS CLAUDE GOES OVER SOME NEW WORKING DRAWINGS!

NEXT: THE MISLaid PLANS, TURN UP AT HOME, AND FI FIVE ABOVE THE OFFICE.



“It’s a good turntable by itself, and as an added bonus it also stacks records.”

Creem, MARCH 1975

In the old days, a serious audio enthusiast wouldn’t touch anything but a manual turntable.

He felt he had no choice.

That anything with automatic features simply didn’t perform.

But as *Sound* magazine says in its August 1975 issue:

“In recent years... the quality of the automatic turntable has risen dramatically. And the performance of the B.I.C. 960 certainly substantiates our belief that a serious music lover can attain extremely high quality in an automatic unit just as in the best manuals.”



In a Sept. 1975 test report, *Radio & Electronics* agrees, noting that B.I.C.:

“might well be considered a top-performing manual turntable in its price category.”

Modern Hi-Fi and Music (Aug./Sept. 1975) reports:

“wow and flutter of 0.03% at 33 $\frac{1}{3}$ rpm and rumble less than -65db; specifications which are more typical of a good manual than most automatics.”

And because they’re *not* imported (B.I.C. turntables are built entirely in the U.S.) the price of this performance comes as a pleasant surprise.

If you’re serious enough about your system to spend \$100 or more on a turntable, a B.I.C. 940, 960, or 980 has what you want and more of it — all three are multiple-play manual turntables sharing the same quality features and high performance.

See if your high-fidelity dealer doesn’t agree. He has literature with all the details. Or write to B.I.C. (“bee-eye-cee”) c/o British Industries Co., Westbury, N.Y. 11590.

Supertramp
PRESENTS
CRISIS? WHAT CRISIS?
A MUSICAL ESCAPE.

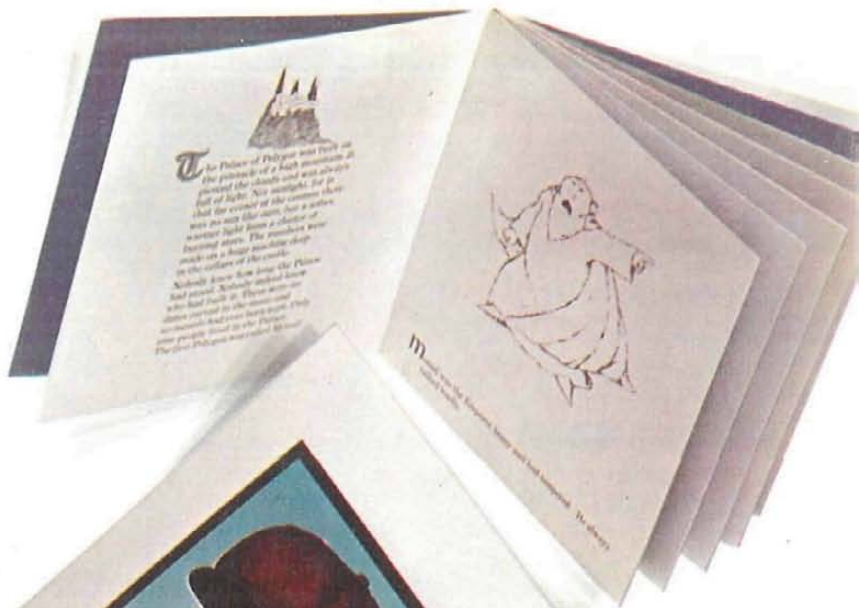


"CRISIS? WHAT CRISIS?" THE EXPLOSIVE NEW SUPERTRAMP ALBUM
ON A&M RECORDS & TAPES

Produced by Peter Dinklage
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Numbers

A majikal new album from Cat Stevens



On A&M
Records & Tape

©1975 Ashtar Music B.V.

BODE'S CARTOON CONCERT

CHEECH WIZARD



PITCH BIT

VAUGHN BODE®

BELIVERS
I HAS COME TO
LIGHTEN DA LOAD
IN YER SPIRITUAL PANTS!

AT LAST I AM COLLECTED
TOGETHER IN DA MOST
MIND ALTERING BOOK OF ALL
TIMES. RIGHT IN BLACK AND
WHITE AND FULL COLOR!



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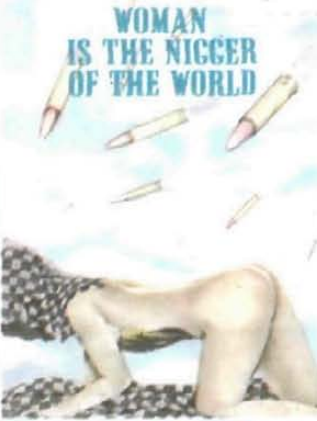
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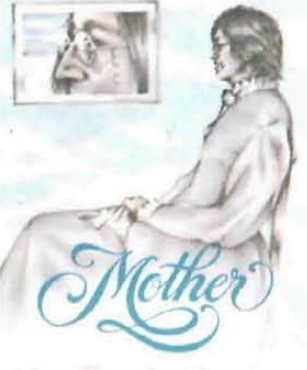
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TIPS AND TALES



MY METER IS RUNNING

Where was I? Oh, yeah, I was telling you about Cher and all her friends—all those movie stars. I met 'em all when I was out in Beverly Hills with her. Fucking crazy broad made me take her all the way to California in my cab. With the meter down, no less. She did it just for kicks. All those fucking big stars gotta get their kicks. Y'know why, doncha? They'd all snap like a fucking pretzel if they didn't. That's the way show business is. You're in the public eye, you gotta perform every minute. It takes a lot out of you. Terrific pressure. People don't understand that. You should see Cher after a performance. She looks like a fucking raisin. Dried out. That's why she's gotta have her kicks. She gives so fucking much when she's out there—she's gotta have some kind of crazy kick to make her relax after the show.

Listen, to me it's all an old story. I know the fucking movie stars from way back. I was out in Hollywood in 1943 when I was fucking Rita Hayworth and she made me take a screen test to be an actor. That's when her boss, Harry Cohn, got jealous of all the attention she was giving me and had his fucking gorillas nearly kill me. They're still talking about that screen test. Everybody thought I'd be the next fucking Clark Gable. But that's a whole different story. What I'm saying is that it's the same fucking thing—they did the same thing in the old days, too—they just gotta get their kicks. That's why they have those crazy parties all the time. I'm talking about the ones you don't read about in the magazines. Cher took me to one while I was out there with her.

I think it was some kind of big party for charity—like a bone disease

or something. Anyway, I walk in and look for a place to hang up my raincoat. It was raining that night. I open a closet and who do I see in there but Sonny. Sonny Bono. He's walking around in this big fucking closet smelling all the jackets. Y'know... lifting up the arms, the whole thing. I look around and I see he's got a little pot of coffee going on a hot plate and there's a cot, and a TV set in there, too. The son of a bitch lives there. That's what he really likes—to live in a closet. And not just him. He's living there with Geraldo Rivera. Because all of a sudden, Geraldo comes

out from behind a big fur coat and puts his arms around Sonny and they start kissing each other's mustaches. They're really getting hot rubbing each other's mustaches. They tell me to fuck off, I'm disturbing their privacy. What the hell, it's no skin off my ass. They can have a blue baby for all I care.

The party is now going full swing. When you give a party for charity, you invite everybody, y'know. And everybody in Hollywood must have been there—Frank Sinatra, John Wayne, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton,

continued

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continued

Paul Newman, Warren Beatty, Sammy Davis. Sammy was doing a trick with his nose. He put his nose in this broad's flue and picked her up. Lifted her right off the ground with his nose. That little boogie has more talent in his nose than most people have in their entire body. He's got special exercises for his nose, he told me. Like weight lifting.

Elizabeth Taylor still has the most beautiful tits in the world, y'know. I know she looks a little over the hill, but her tits are better than ever. I'm

not a big tit man, except for her. She's standing there with Burton and she looks a little pissed off at him. So she starts eating her necklace—popping these fucking big pearls in her mouth. She curses him out (I heard she has a foul mouth) and says she'll do it to anyone she goddamn pleases, a total stranger, if she wants. And who do you think is right in her line of vision? Yours truly, a total stranger. She grabs me and drags me into a bedroom, of which there must have been about a hundred and two in that place. "O.K.," she says. "Fuck me.

And be quick about it. I want to go back to the party, but I just want to give Richard a hard time for a few minutes. In fact, I want him to bust in here and catch us in the act."

Oh boy, little did she know what she was getting in for. No broad tells me how long and how much to fuck her. I don't care if she's the Queen of England. But you know how these movie stars are. You got to kiss their feet when they tell you to. So I figure I'll teach this *zaftig* lady a lesson. She wants it fast, I'll give it to her fast. I take out the old cark, which is now in full flower, pull down her pants, and give her one shot, one stroke, right up there, as hard as I can. She screams, comes twenty-seven times, and burps out seven pearls—that's how good it was. Twenty-seven times and no shit because I counted them all. Then I squeezed her tits and came on them for good measure. I left her on the bed, moaning and crying like a baby.

You know who I was looking for at the party? Barbara Stanwyck. I always wanted to fuck her. I mean, I fucked two of the best—Garbo, Hayworth. No shit. But Stanwyck was always my favorite movie star. I asked Cher if Barbara Stanwyck was coming and she said, sure, Barbara Stanwyck is probably coming right now, only not at the party. What the fuck are you talking about? I said. She starts giggling and says Barbara Stanwyck and all her friends, like Claudette Colbert, Greer Garson, Rosalind Russell, Ida Lupino—all those famous stars of the thirties and forties, they're all coming like crazy right now. What they like to do for kicks is fuck high-way cops at night. They go riding in a convertible on one of the freeways until they get picked up by state troopers for speeding. When the troopers see all these fantastic stars in one car, they start getting a little friendly. And that's all Barbara and her friends want. Before you can say boo they're jumping into the trooper's car and driving off to some spot on the freeway where they fuck like bunnies all night. One thing is for certain, Cher said, nobody is going to peek into a cop's car to see what's going on. They got all the privacy they want right on the highway.

You know, I couldn't believe how young Johnny Carson looked without his wig, the one with all the silver hair. The guy looked about nineteen years old. He's got this

continued on page 26

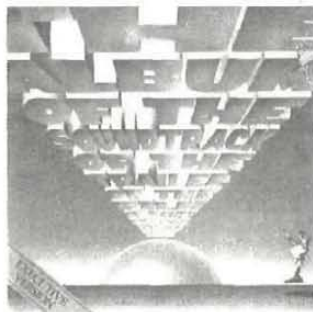
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- I think it's my cousin Walter.
- No, I haven't found it and I think this picture is obscene.
- No, I haven't found it.

- Yes, I've found it. What's the big deal?
- It's as plain as the bird on your nose.
- Is this some kind of a joke?
- Please send me a necktie.
- Yes, I've found it, but I don't want it.
- Yes, I've found it.

O.K. folks, you've earned a rational explanation. Unfortunately we haven't got one. So you'll just have to see



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JANUARY, 1976

VOLUME 1, NO. LXX

FRANCO DIES: GOES TO HELL!



Reliable reports from Hell confirm rumors rife in Madrid that Generalissimo Francisco Franco arrived there some moments after his death. The same sources indicate that El Caudillo's tenacious fight for life was due to his knowing that whatever

happened, he was certain to end up "down there."

Doctors who attended Franco in the last weeks of his existence also confirmed that they and he knew for sure where he was going. While all of them wished to keep him alive as long as possible, the medics were apparently split into two groups. One

group provided life-support out of sympathy, knowing what was in store for him, while the other simply wanted to put him through as much pain as possible before he croaked. Franco thwarted the latter group by dying relatively painlessly — he suffered only three massive heart attacks, uremia, chronic phlebitis, bleeding ulcers,

terminal hemorrhaging, and the removal without anesthesia of his stomach.

Further reports from Hell suggest that his arrival there was not greeted with any enthusiasm. Although legally, the Generalissimo is sentenced to unspeakable torment through all eternity, powerful figures there are said to be trying to

get him transferred to "some other place," citing his loathsomeness and "uncontrollable desire to run things" as the main reasons. "He hadn't been here more than a few light-minutes," said one source who refused to be identified for fear of reprisals, "before no one could stand him. Our position is: why us?"

Widows on Parade



by Brittanica Dimwiddy

Perhaps our two most famous widows today are Mrs. Babe Ruth and Mrs. Lou Gehrig, the wives of perhaps our two most famous baseball players of the past. But did you know that these two wonderful widows live together? I paid a call on them a few weeks ago at their cozy little apartment on Manhattan's upper West Side and found them to be in fairly good spirits despite their advanced ages.

Mrs. Ruth was wearing a Chinese-style muumuu in luminous shades of purple, gold, and green, with a big map of Florida painted on the back. "George Herman bought it for me in 1928 during spring training," said Mrs. Ruth. (She likes to refer to the Babe by his Christian names.) "The players' wives weren't allowed to accompany their husbands to Florida for spring training in those days, so George Herman sent me the muumuu as a souvenir."

Mrs. Gehrig, the former Eleanor Twitchell, was wearing black. She still wears her mourning clothes in memory of her late husband, who died of an incurable disease. She greeted me warmly but did not say a word. She does not speak to anyone, not even to Mrs. Ruth. But they are on very good terms and get along fine.

But enough of the past — what are these two lovely and celebrated widows doing at present? Mrs. Ruth loves to shop, espe-

cially for food ("when I have the money," she says). Her favorite colors are the colors of the rainbow. She also likes to paint by number, make crank phone calls, and listen to the music of Anton Webern.

Mrs. Ruth admits, however, that she is happiest "just watching the tube and playing with my feet. My toes are very loose and limber for someone of my age," she said. "I can do shadow tricks with them the way others do tricks with their fingers."

Mrs. Gehrig loves to sit and watch Mrs. Ruth. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, she will eat a bowl of Campbell's cream of celery soup. "It was Lou's favorite," said Mrs. Ruth. When not watching Mrs. Ruth, Mrs. Gehrig likes to take long, delicious naps.

"Most of our friends are gone," continued Mrs. Ruth. "And the ones who are still around don't remember us anymore. In fact, the only one who keeps in touch is Vernon. That's Vernon Gomez, the pitcher who used to play with George Herman. He sends us a big box of Baby Ruth candy bars every Christmas. I wish he'd send us some money. We could really use some money."

Despite a few problems, these two "merry widows" plan to live as long as they can. They are fully aware of their obligation to the fans. For they too are in the public eye, as the beautiful reflections of their legendary husbands. Good luck, Mrs. Babe Ruth and Mrs. Lou Gehrig! **Next month:** Mrs. Martin Luther King, black widow on parade.

PORTUGAL:

The Voice of Reason Strikes Back

Portuguese moderates, in an attempt to stem the rising tide of extremism, have announced a follow-up plan to their recent moderate demolition of left-extremist Radio Station Renascenca. Coming down strongly on the side of a "moderate transition to socialism in the tradition of give and take among all men of reason and good will," socialist leader Mario Soares announced that "infantalist-extremists will be moderately shot on sight by moderate gunmen if they try to hoot down the many leading moderates who make up the moderate majority. Intoned Soares, "Extremism in the defense of moderation is no vice!"

Pulling the Plug on Ford

The controversy over whether or not Gerald Ford should be allowed to die rages on in Washington. According to medical experts, the Chief Executive fails the critical brain wave activity test currently accepted as the litmus test for life.

Ford lapsed into a coma late last December, as two bullets which had been lodged in his cranium following a recent round of assassination attempts worked their way through the president's extremely dense brain

membranes, cutting off all motor functions. "You should see him trying to swim in the morning," a sobbing Betty Ford told newsmen. "He goes from one side of the pool to the other, slamming his head like a methadine-crazed amoeba."

On Capitol Hill, lawmakers from both sides of the aisle were unanimous in their conclusion that the president has lost his marbles, so to speak. "He is in a progressive vegetative state," said Senator Hubert Humphrey. "I don't believe

he can think in any way. He can't calculate, he can't reason. He's just running on his spleen now. In my opinion he has no awareness . . . none."

Mrs. Ford has asked the Supreme Court to give the go-ahead on pulling the president's plug, but this latest legal tack may complicate the situation still further. Chief Justice Burger is said to have told newsmen when informed of the appeal, "I fail to see the problem. I fail to see the problem. Huh?"


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THE BEAT GOES ON

By JIZ WENNER

DING DONG DYLAN CALLING

It was a quiet night in Albany, New York, a proletarian town populated almost entirely by workers. Little did Albany know, and scarcely could they have afforded a ticket if they had, they were about to be visited by Bob Dylan and the Rolling Thunder Review.

"My life," said singer Dylan, "used to be a pressure cooker. Now I'm using my music to sell them." Traveling unannounced, the fabulous singer/songwriter credited with ending the Vietnam war played and sold pressure cookers to hundreds of Albany residents in their own homes and apartments.

Security men for the tour would knock upon the doors of lucky Albany citizens, and after tying them in their chairs and smashing any ornaments or art work they judged "offensive," would signal waiting roadies, who would then move in to set up the electronics.

Rolling Thunder, the Indian medicine man who gave his name to the review, and known as "Cigar Store" or "Boozebag" to affectionate tour trippers, opens the show with a few words thought to be in the Indian language.

During the acts that follow, those of Joan Baez, Ramblin' Jack Elliot, and poet Allen Ginsberg, a shiny pressure cooker is prominently displayed

in the center of the stage. Just before the appearance of Dylan, Negro Jack Elliot was heard to say, "De pressure is on . . . so let's cook!"

Dylan's performance was described by housewives as hypnotic. "I never would have bought one of those pressure cookers in a store, but when Bob sang about them, well, the room filled with a kind of electricity. I didn't even mind being tied up. I just wanted . . . a pressure cooker."

Dylan, who financed the tour himself, talked, laughed, and gestured, and to those who knew him from the old days in the village, it was as if he had been reborn. "I don't expect to make money on the tour" said Dylan. "I do expect to sell a hell of a lot of pressure cookers." Then, smiling enigmatically, he says, "The answer, my friend, is cooking with wind."

Said poet Allen Ginsberg after the show, "Bob, Joan, myself, we've all transcended our hang-ups. I don't even blame myself for anti-Semitism any more."

THE SOUND OF MUCUS

New Economic Hope for N.Y.!

Normally phlegmatic New Yorkers hit the streets today in millions to celebrate the best and most exciting idea to come out of the Beame administration since it came to power. In a dramatic announcement from the steps of Gracie Mansion, the dwarf mayor launched a massive program to exploit one of New York's richest and hitherto totally untapped resources—lungers.

Citing the increasing difficulty New Yorkers were experiencing in getting food from outside producers leery of unpaid bills, and the depletion of the nation's shellfish beds due to pollution, Beame said that revenues from the "gray gold" on the sidewalks of New York could put the financially beleaguered city back on its feet within months.

The mayor, flanked by Governor Carey and Vice-President Rockefeller, announced at the same time the formation of an Ad Hawk Committee to coordinate lunger collection, and the three pols kicked off the campaign by gobbing a trio of beauts onto the Great White Way. Beame managed a fine little-neck, while Carey's and Rockefeller's huge phlegmballs got popped straight into the quahog bucket. New York's culinary establishment rose to the occasion magnificently. Craig Claiborne, legendary food critic of the *Times*, pronounced New York "redpoints" as good as anything from Cape Cod, while the fabled restaurant of Jack Dempsey reopened its doors, without, as management put it, "anyone being able to tell the difference from the old days."

Huge shipments of New York "bignecks," "yellowstones," and "steamers" were already being rushed to other parts of the nation, and officials declared themselves even more amazed than they had expected at the response, as enthusiastic New Yorkers scraped and refilled the pavements of the Big Apple. "Ford can take it and stuff it," said one excitedly. "New York is finally putting its mouth where its money is."

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Socialist Pulls a Quicky

David Barrett, socialist dictator of Canada's most western state, British Bolivia, recently called an election. In return for NatLampCo support, the politician allegedly promised: (1) He would get the magazine back onto the racks on the government ferries from whence it was banned for repeated naughtiness; (2) He would "stop wrecking the economy"; (3) He would hang several local merchants who had overcharged an American tourist. We support and continue to support this fine socialist.

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Story on page 279

HOW TO GET LAID



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Boring, Stupid, Unsuccessful Magazine Attacks National Lampoon

Oui magazine, the Marion Davies of publishing magnate Hugh Hefner, recently referred to the *National Lampoon* in an article on eating dogshit.

"The old *National Lampoon*," commented the formidable *Oui*, "was funny, clever, and successful. It's still successful."

Informed of the attack, several *National Lampoon* staffers fainted dead away, and one attempted suicide with an Exacto knife. Commenting later in a formal statement to a horrified press, ashen-faced editor Sean Kelly confided: "We're reeling from this. Frankly, I doubt if we'll ever make it to the news-

stand again." *Oui*, whose editorial content is based on dozens of the funniest, cleverest, and most successful shots of women's crotches in the history of women's crotchshots, regularly adds to its legendary reputation by mysteriously surviving month after month without the aid of advertising revenue.



IT WAS 4 AM-JILLY FAFF HAD PUT ME ON TO A COUPLE OF 20-YEAR-OLD MOMMA'S BOYS-- THEY THINK THEY'RE PRIVATE EYES-- HA! -- SUCKERS-- THAT'S THEM. GONNA BREAK INTO THE DU-POINT CHEMICAL BUILDING FOR ME TO GET THE PLANS!

OH, NICKY! THAT LOOKS LIKE IT!

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Sports Column



by Red Ruffansore

Red Ruffansore is in the hospital with his semi-annual colitis attack. In place of his monthly column, he has suggested we reprint his "New Year's '75" column, always a great favorite with his fans. (Red's many readers might wish to dip their pens in moonshine and drop him a get-well card c/o St. Curmudgeon's Hospital, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022.)

December 31, 1974

Baseball Predictions:

Look for the Yankees to go all the way, with the Catfish on the mound. Ditto for L.A. Dodgers dynasty, who can't miss... and Expos could surprise with Lefty McNally pitching. Cincinnati Reds are all hit, no pitch - sure second division finishers... same goes for the Bucs. Oakland As, tired and unhappy, chafing under Chuck O. The BoSox, with a rookie outfield, are due to disappoint Fenway's fickle fans.

Boxing Premonitions:

This is the year Ali (aka Cassius Clay) gets knocked off that high horse of his. Frazier could just do the trick.

To coin and old cliché about Joe Louis, Smokin' Joe is a credit to his race - the human race, that is - unlike Ali, that chocolate-covered Nureyev.

Football Prophecies:

Expect a Subway Superbowl for the Big Apple in '75. The Giants are a dark horse, but jockeyed by old pro Arnsperger, and the Jets are a shoe-in coming off six straight wins this fall. But Old Red predicts '76's real action will be in the WFL, with superstars Czonka, Kiick, and Warfield filling those stadium seats.

Basketball Prognostications:

Intrepid Mike Burke has rebuilt the Knicks in one fell

swoop. Addition of McGinnis, Jabbar, and Chamberlain as back-up center gives the Knicks the best one-two-three combo in the league. All they have to do to win is show up.

Look for upstart ABA to give NBA a run for the money at the turnstiles. Dr. J. and Company versus the Knicks in the long-awaited multi-bucks Subway Hoop Superbowl. You saw it here first.

Hockey Portendings:

Beefed-up Broadway Blueshirts will blast, belt, and bash Broad Street bullies, giving them a taste of their own brand of brotherly love.

Red Hots:

Look for all in the family grand slam in tennis, from newlyweds Chris and Jimmy... Horse of the century: Ruffian... Arrival of Pêlé heralds golden age of soccer in U.S. Old buddy H. Co-sell's new TV'er in can't-miss category... Watch for the old professor, Casey Stengel, to rejuvenate ailing San Diego Padres franchise... Sane and sober Jack Scott sure to provide stable home environment for kooky carrot-top Bill Walton and keep him out of hot water. And that's Red, brother.

Pic of the Month



My Meter Is Running

continued from page 18

natural baby face that never grows old. I think Wayne Newton used to look like that until he went for an operation. The operation was a success on his face but his shvance wouldn't work anymore. That's why Carson won't go under the knife. He'd rather wear old-age makeup and the wig.

Y'know that actor Robert Young? The one who plays Marcus Welby. He's a real crazy son of a gun. In the middle of the party he gets up and says, "Who wants to play doctor tonight?" Shit, about nine hundred people screamed "Me, me, me." I said to Cher, what the fuck is all this about? So she grabbed me and took me along.

It seems like he's got a whole fucking doctor's office set up in his house—the whole works—about a million dollars' worth of stuff. He's not exactly a pauper from that fucking TV show, y'know. So we all go to his house—me, Cher, John Wayne, that old bull dyke (that's what he really is), Burt Reynolds, Raquel Welch, Freddie Prinze, Liza Minelli, Robert Redford, Elton John, Mick Jagger, Michael Murphy, at least a hundred movie stars and whatever, plus some

fucking loudmouth named Lyons or Lyman or something who kept trying to pull Cher's twelve-inch-high wig off. We couldn't get rid of him.

Anyway, I walk into a fucking hospital. It's got all the fancy equipment—EKG machines, blood testing, X-ray machines, and a full surgery room with the fucking grandstand seats. If you just want to fool around, like when you played doctor as a kid, then Young gives you a stethoscope, some tongue depressors, a nose flashlight, that kind of shit. But most of the people are ready for more serious stuff. Burt Reynolds puts on his white doctor's coat and becomes a specialist in gynecology, with Mary Tyler Moore as his patient. To nobody's surprise, he discovers that she has no cunt. It's all clean and firm, like one of those clothing store dummies. Well, he was a little drunk by then and he announced that he would like to give Mary a cunt. He would like to operate on her and see if she had something down there that could be used as a cunt because she was really missing a lot in her life without one. (I forgot to tell you that Robert Young has three regular doctors on duty all the time, so that none of the people will fuck up and kill some-

body by accident.)

So Reynolds consults with Young and the three staff doctors about Mary's problem, and they figure that she has genitals somewhere, but they're probably depressed into the abdominal area, or maybe they're floating around. It's something like guys whose balls get lost. Reynolds, that crazy bastard, is all for opening her up and exploring. (Mary was under anesthetics all this time, so she didn't know what the fuck was going on.)

The docs figure there's not much to lose and maybe a whole lot to gain by going in. By now, everybody is watching Reynolds and his team of surgeons and nurses (Young has real nurses on his payroll, too). Reynolds starts the operation with a nice light stroke right where the opening should be. No problems. He pries her open very gently and with a snake flashlight he looks inside. With one of those little tweezers he fishes out a small Christmas tree ornament, a tiny angel, a strawberry-flavored Tootsie Pop (without the stick, of course), a diamond engagement ring, and a small piece of paper rolled up in a ball that turned out to be a document giving her controlling interest

continued on page 30



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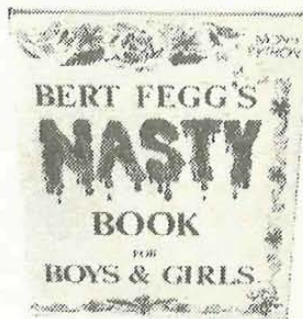
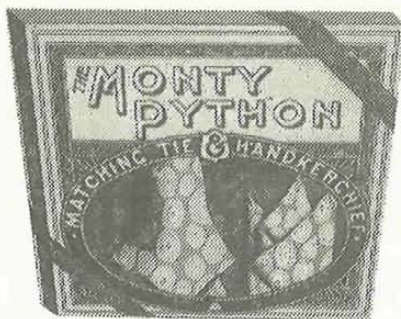
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Airborne Wishes To Announce That The Following Ad Will Make Absolutely No Mention Of, Or Reference To, Monty Python's Flying Circus.



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(That's for the following ad. On this one, we're offering these Monty Python specials):

- The Album Of The Soundtrack Of The Trailer Of The Film Of Monty Python And The Holy Grail (Executive Version). \$4.59
- Monty Python's Flying Circus. \$4.59
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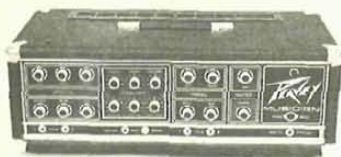
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• A twenty-six-year-old native of Dacca, Bangladesh, known as "cannibal Khalilullah," was arrested by the police after it was discovered that he had been eating corpses in a medical college morgue for three years.

A part-time reporter on a Bengali newspaper was keeping a close watch on the morgue. When the students left the room after a surgical demonstration, the reporter stated that he found Khalilullah eating the heart of a dissected corpse.

According to his report, Khalilullah admitted to his craving. "I get the urge every two weeks or so, and then nothing can stop me," he said. It all started when he was twenty years old and developed what he confessed was an "intense attraction" for dead bodies. He said he was "very active" in removing bodies off the streets in 1971 during the bloodshed of the Bangladesh independence movement.

Three years ago, Khalilullah volunteered to work as a "casual helper" in the Dacca medical college morgue, and had been having his macabre meals ever since. *London Times* (R. J. Whiffen)

• Tim Lee, a sophomore at Oregon State University, won a \$100 bet from a fraternity brother by drinking up eleven ounces of the spit remains of chewing tobacco. As part of the bet, he also pledged not to throw up for an hour after accomplishing the feat.

Lee had previously lost money at a gambling trip to Reno, and one of his comrades, John Heller, offered Lee the proposition.

"I'd done real well in Reno, making about \$220," said Heller. "Tim had lost money, and it was getting close to Christmas. He thought about

taking me up on it for awhile, and finally I copped out because I figured he'd do it and get sick. Then, on the Thursday of finals week, we had both partied a little, and I offered the \$100 to him again if he'd drink eleven ounces of chew without throwing it up in an hour. He agreed to do it, and darned if he didn't follow through on it."

In front of twenty-five incredulous onlookers at a pre-Christmas evening gathering at the Delta Tau Delta fraternity, Lee unhesitatingly drank the murky tobacco excrement.

Tim apparently had some problem keeping the liquid down. "He almost threw it up two or three times, and I tried to psyche him into doing it," said Heller. "But after awhile, I figured he deserved the money."

"I told a bunch of guys long ago that if you put your mind to something, there is nothing a person cannot do," said Lee. "I'll drink anything for the right reward. In this case, I needed the money for Christmas, anyway."

Lee never got sick, and said he felt fine the next day. "It bears swallowing a goldfish," he claimed.

Will Lee repeat his trick, or go on to even greater heights?

"For \$100, yeah," he said. "A lot of guys around the house are kidding me, but nobody's putting up any money, because they know now what I'm capable of. If the price is right, you bet I'll do it again." *Oregon State Barometer* (S. Chase)

• A disciple of guru Nagababa Narbadagiri has discovered a way to observe his religious demands while working to ease India's fuel crisis. The twenty-eight-year-old *sadhu* (disciple) pulled a baby Hindustan BMU automobile with his penis along the stretch of road in front of Mahalakshmi Temple, in Bombay. Apart from cars, he has also pulled trucks by coiling up his foreskin around the mudguards. When asked how he accomplished such superhuman feats, the modest *sadhu* replied, "Breath control." *Bombay Blitz* (J. Ryan)

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My Meter Is Running

continued from page 26

in five shopping centers in southern California. But still no basic cunt. Reynolds was getting a little discouraged. His sister, Debbie (you know, the actress), volunteered to donate her cunt to Mary because she really didn't use it anymore. But a transplant was too risky. He tried one more search and brought out a small furry thing. It didn't look like anything—just a small furry thing. Jesus. Could this be it, Reynolds asked the docs. It was the only thing left in there. They examined it and it had all sorts of little openings and lips and walls and stuff. This was it. It had to be. So Reynolds allowed the regular doctors to put the thing in the right place and make it fit nice and snug, and bingo, Mary woke up and she had the cutest little cunt I ever saw. It was really small, though. Just big enough for a Chihuahua to plow into, but better than nothing. And here's the cutest part of all. Every time you squeeze it, it squeaks like a toy mouse. When Mary saw it, she was so fucking happy she cried. She squeezed it and played with it and wanted a pinky job right away. But the doctors told her not to fool around with it too much or it would get irritated. They gave her a schedule to follow until the thing was properly adjusted to her body. It was also possible that the thing might expand some day and accommodate bigger dogs. I tell ya, if you think Mary Tyler Moore looks happy and cheery on her TV show, you should have seen her after that operation. She could have lit up a fucking coal mine with her face.

Cher and a lot of the other stars wanted to have a little cunt like Mary's too, but the docs said there was no chance. She was one in a billion. Now all the other girls are jealous—Liza, Cher, Raquel, Barbra—all of them. They gotta have the latest thing, the latest kick. They're all going to Sweden or Switzerland or someplace like that for a transplant. They gotta keep getting their kicks or they go crazy. You know how it is. They've tried everything. They're desperate. That's why I can't stand them after a while. Throw them a fuck and run, that's my motto. Anytime you're in New York, I said to Cher and her friends, look me up. I had to get back to Manhattan, where I belonged. □

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Left to right: Rick Danko, Garth Hudson, Richard Manuel, Robbie Robertson, Levon Helm.

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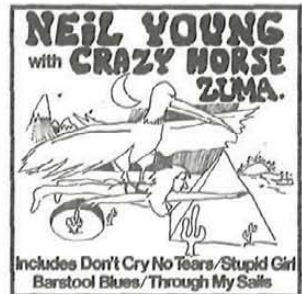
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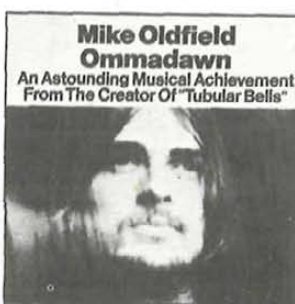
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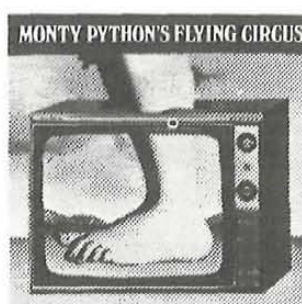
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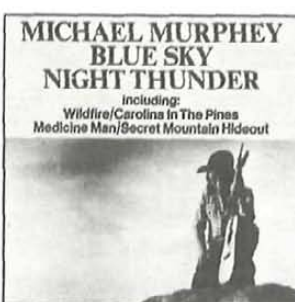
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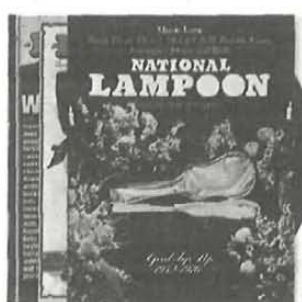
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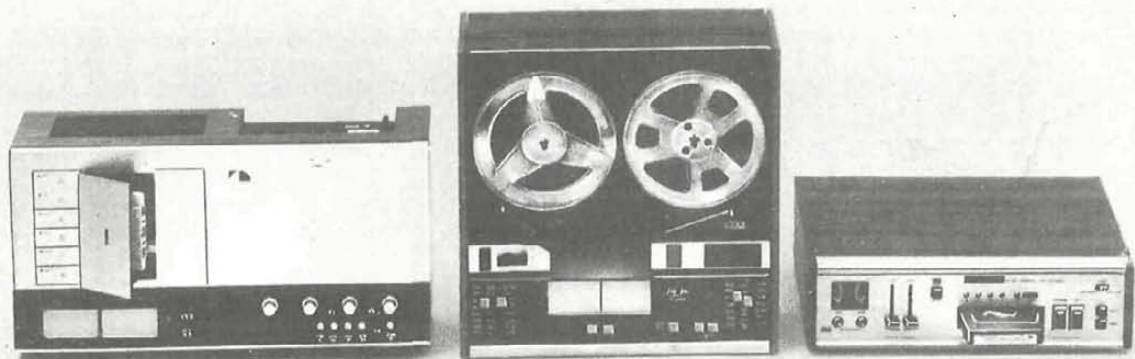
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8E15

Canadian Corner



The theater lights go down. In the back of the theater, where the dirty light filters through the blanket hanging over the doorway to the lobby, an aged man begins to wrestle with an inexpensive concertina. The music, like the cold, penetrates every corner and cranny of the theater, mingling with the musty, dank smell that rises from the loosened boots of the audience. You are in a Canadian movie theater, about to see a Canadian movie.

A light strikes out from the bulb in the projector, cuts through the ascending fog of the audience's breath, strikes the bedsheet, falters for an instant with a momentary lag in the line voltage, and then grows stronger.

The concertina slackens its lusty

huffing and a strangely accented voice announces the title of the film through a squeal of feedback on the antiquated public address system.

"An incident in a Toyota, a tale of Romans, er, romance, set in a car."

The screen brightens and vague images become visible. The projectionist struggles to focus the film as the audience screams advice.

"A little to the left!" shouts the guy on your right. "There, you had it! No, no, back the other way, you idiot!"

Gradually, the audience quiets, the image clears, and you can see what looks like two nylon stockings stuffed with tar paper rubbing and butting energetically at each other. The picture shakes and jerks as the camera pulls back, and it becomes obvious that you have been watching a close-up of two noses thrusting at each other in frenzied passion.

A conspiratorial silence steals over the theater, broken only by the theatrical departure of a lady politician. The camera continues to pull back, and for an instant you see the head and shoulders of a young couple seated in a Toyota...but the cameraman slips or drops his camera, the image turns sideways, and you see a

maple leaf frozen in a puddle.

Suddenly, a strange hand seizes your wrist, and, holding it in a vise-like grip, forces it down in the direction of a stranger's lap. You try to jerk free, but the stranger's hand is strengthened by long years of snapping branches hanging at face level; escape is impossible. Your hand is shoved downwards in a crotchwardly direction until it encounters a paper bag full of maple sugar. Gratefully, you take a piece, and return to watching the movie.

The cameraman has regained his feet and we see the Toyota with its windows completely fogged. A few indistinguishable words are heard from within, but the sound track fails and is replaced by the projectionist, who reads the actors' lines, male and female, over the P.A. system. *He:* Let's go into my lodge. It's warm in the attic, and we may remove our outer garments without fear of death.

She: You talk like a book.

They emerge from the car and he leads her up the steps of a moose lodge, but the cameraman slips again, falls over backwards, and we see a shot of the sky. The audience gasps

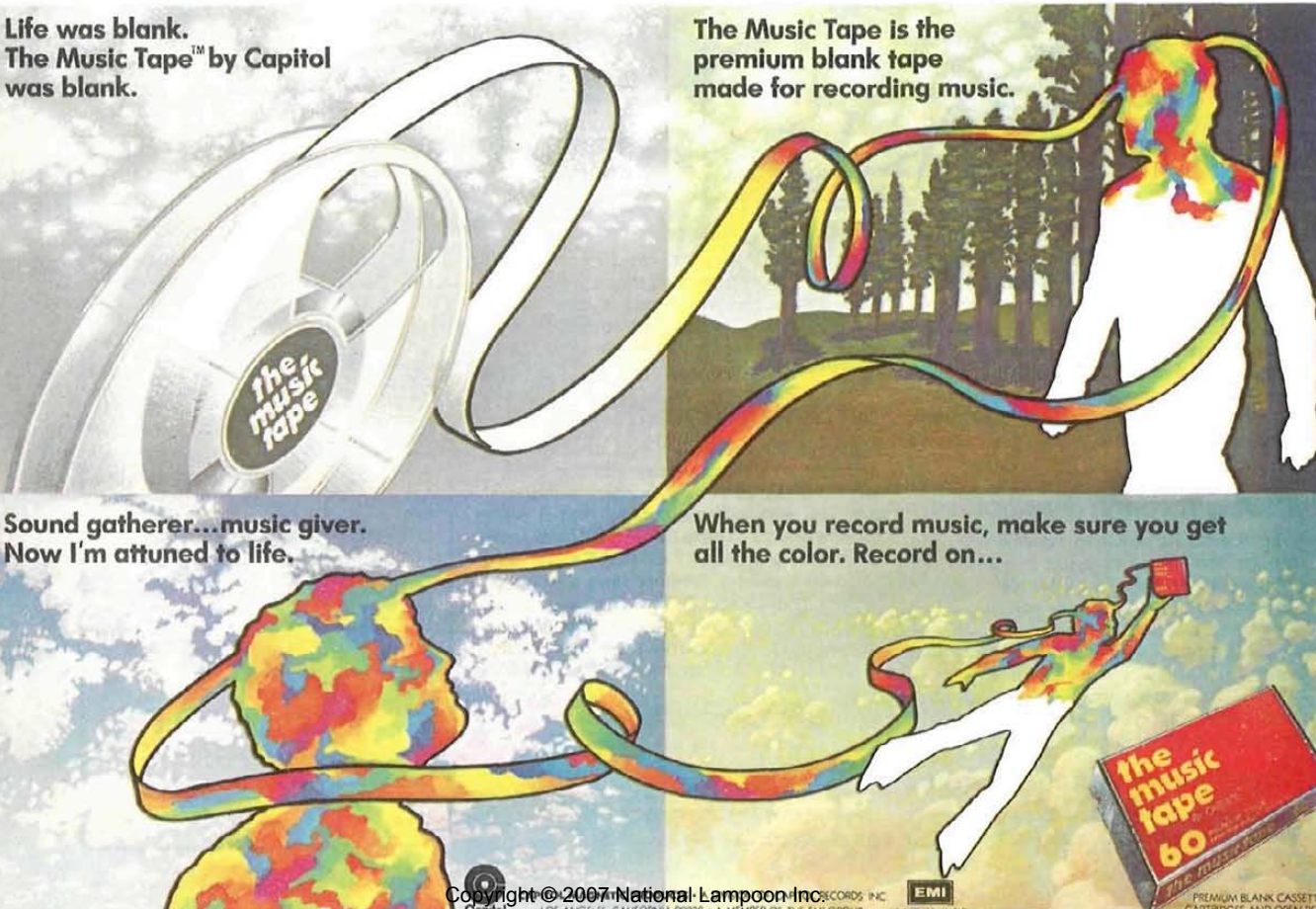
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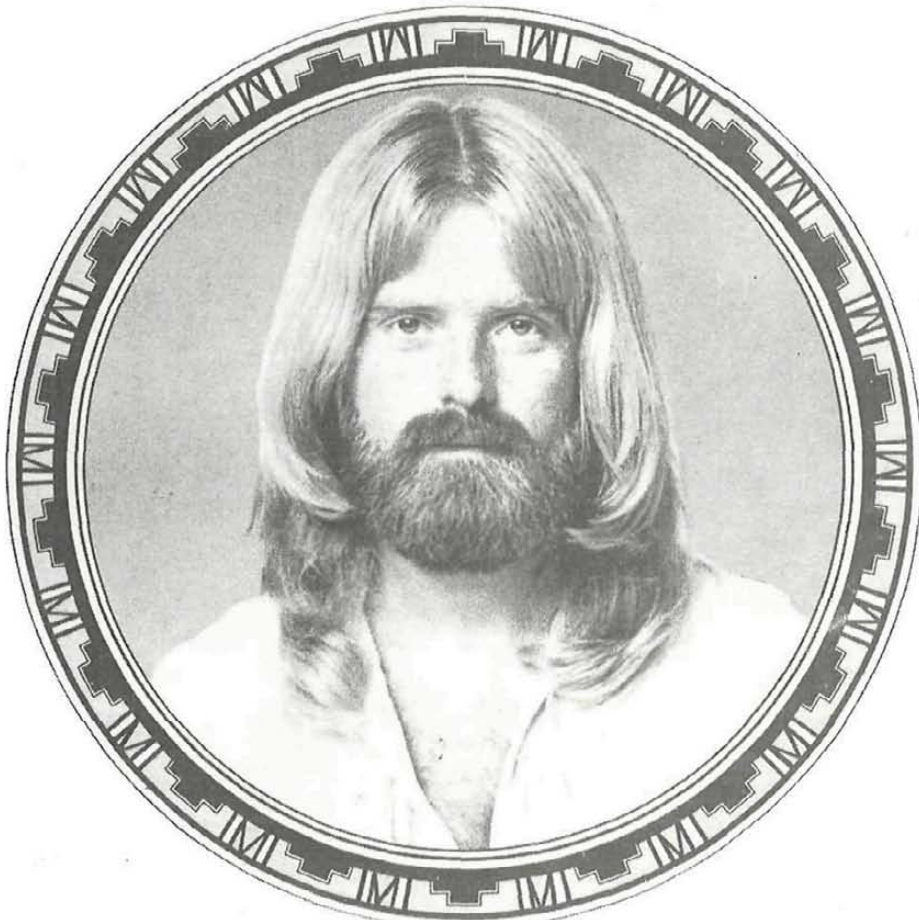
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THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE

Report to the Commission of the Joint Chiefs of Staff of the
Armed Forces for Investigation of Unidentified Flying Objects

CLASSIFIED
TOP SECRET

EYES ONLY
ОЧИ ТОЛЬКО



OFFICE OF THE JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF
THE PENTAGON
WASHINGTON, D.C. 20301

General George S. Brown
Chairman, Joint Chiefs of Staff

Marshal Endrey Antonovich Grechko
Minister of Defense
The Kremlin
Moscow, R.S.F.S.R.
Union of the Soviet Socialist Republics

Dear Endrey:

Here's the "Blue Book" report, plus a few notes on accidental sightings by civilians. For Christ's sake, keep this under your hat. The aliens would really be teed off if they knew we were passing this thing around, but with the situation as touchy as it is right now, I think everybody in charge ought to be as well informed as possible.

Damned aliens are really at each others' throats (or thoraxes or whatever)—Martians and Venusians are nuking it out behind the moon right now and Alpha Centuri is pissed at both of them. Who knows where it will lead? The only thing that they seem to agree on is that we have to keep the cancer farms going. So far, our scientists don't have a clue on how they manage to use it for fuel, but however they do it, that cancer sure seems important to them. Anything from your boys on this yet? Anyway, Butz's upped our tobacco acreage and we're beginning to get great results from vinyl chloride and barbecue charcoal, so that ought to keep 'em quiet for a while. Sure was a shame about Ted's kid mistakenly buying those knee socks with the asbestos fiber blend. But I hear the boy will be fine. You have to hand it to the Centurians, they were glad to help, and FXecv 9-Yar kept the leg as a souvenir. Of course, they are humanoid.

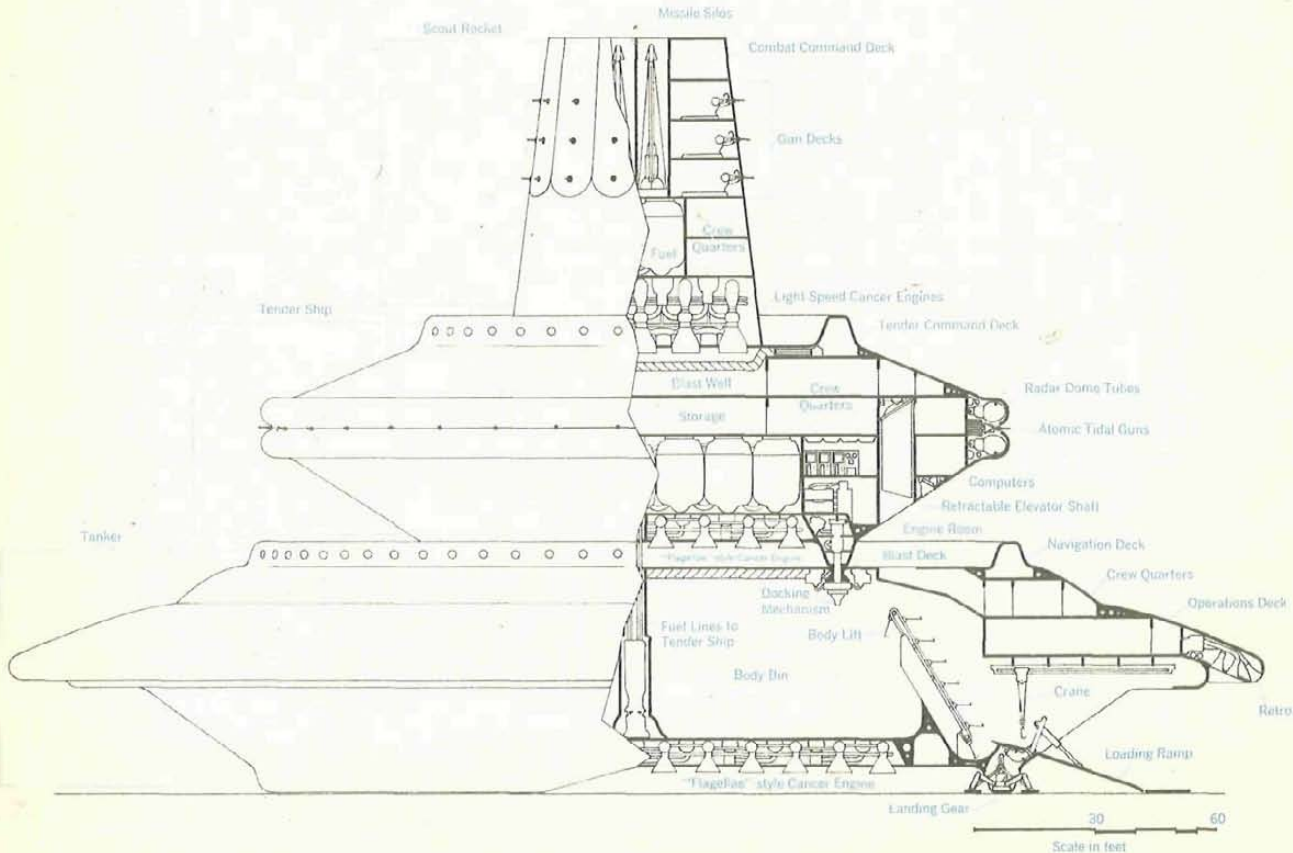
However, back to the matter at hand. I think we're all pretty much agreed that we should steer clear of taking sides. That's how the both of us feel, and China, Japan, and West Germany, too. France and the U.K. have been somewhat cozy with Mars, but I think that conference call last week convinced them. After all, remember what happened

INADVERTENT CIVILIAN SIGHTING RECORD
 Classified NTD34567-897



Sighting: H. Thomas Gertz, File #437-45-1439, Michigan City, Ind. Reported "a flying saucer but actually it looked more like a couple of saucers and a stack of plates." Lakefront, 5 AM, 5/2/71

Security Response: Caused former wife to testify that subject drinks.



VENUSIAN RAW BODY CARRIER

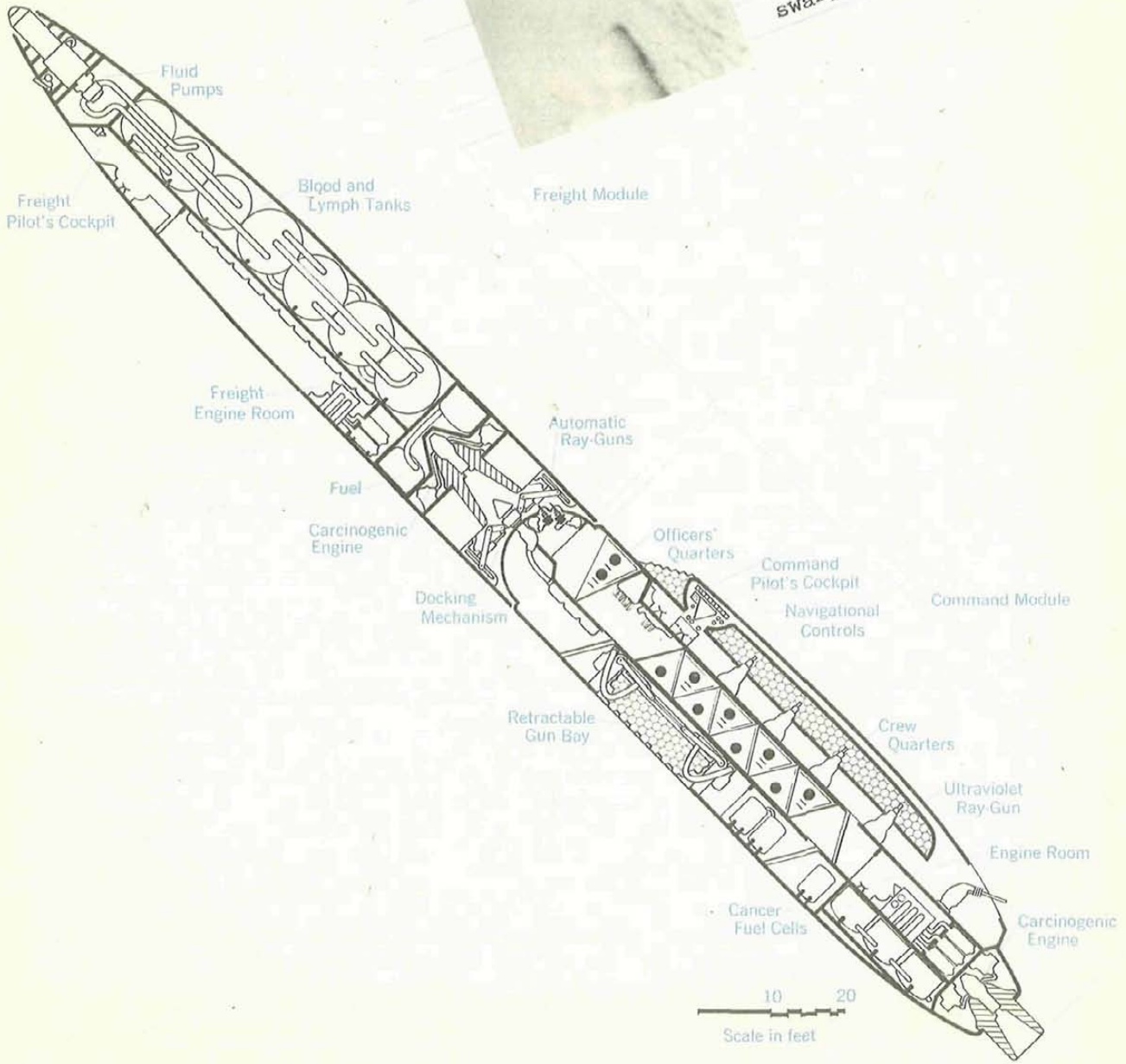
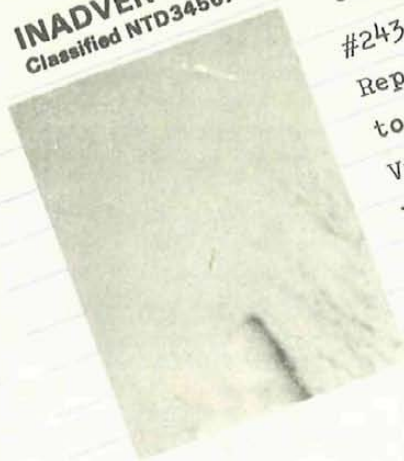
Identification of Unidentified Flying Object

INADVERTENT CIVILIAN SIGHTING RECORD

Classified NTD34567-897

GPO 458569-52

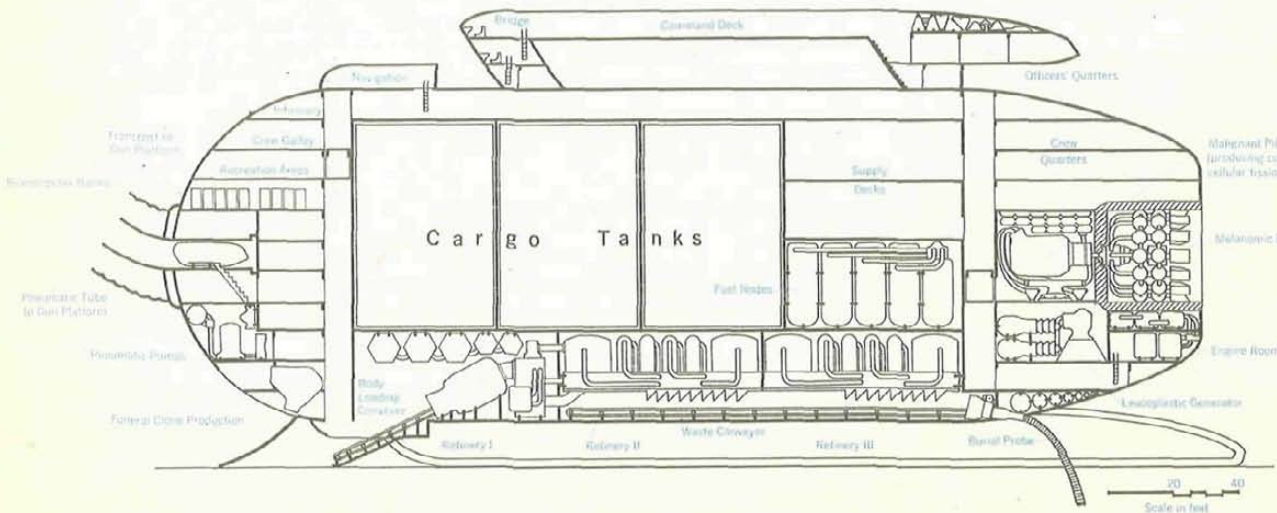
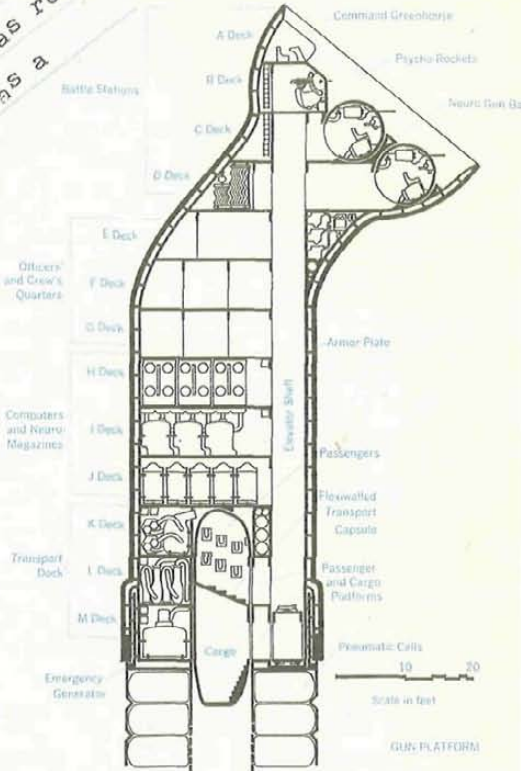
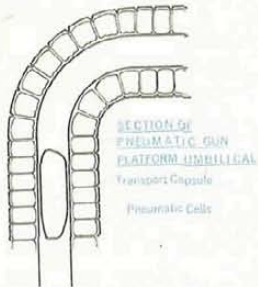
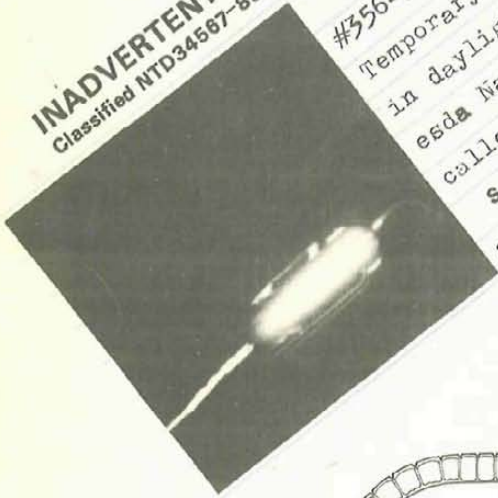
Sighting: Victor Englewood, File #243-68-1804, Dayton, Ohio. Reported "cigar-shaped object" to state Highway patrol. Vicinity Dayton Suburban Hospital. 1:46 AM, Aug. 4, 1972
Security Response: Told it was swamp gas.



MARTIAN TWO-STAGE ARMED TANKER

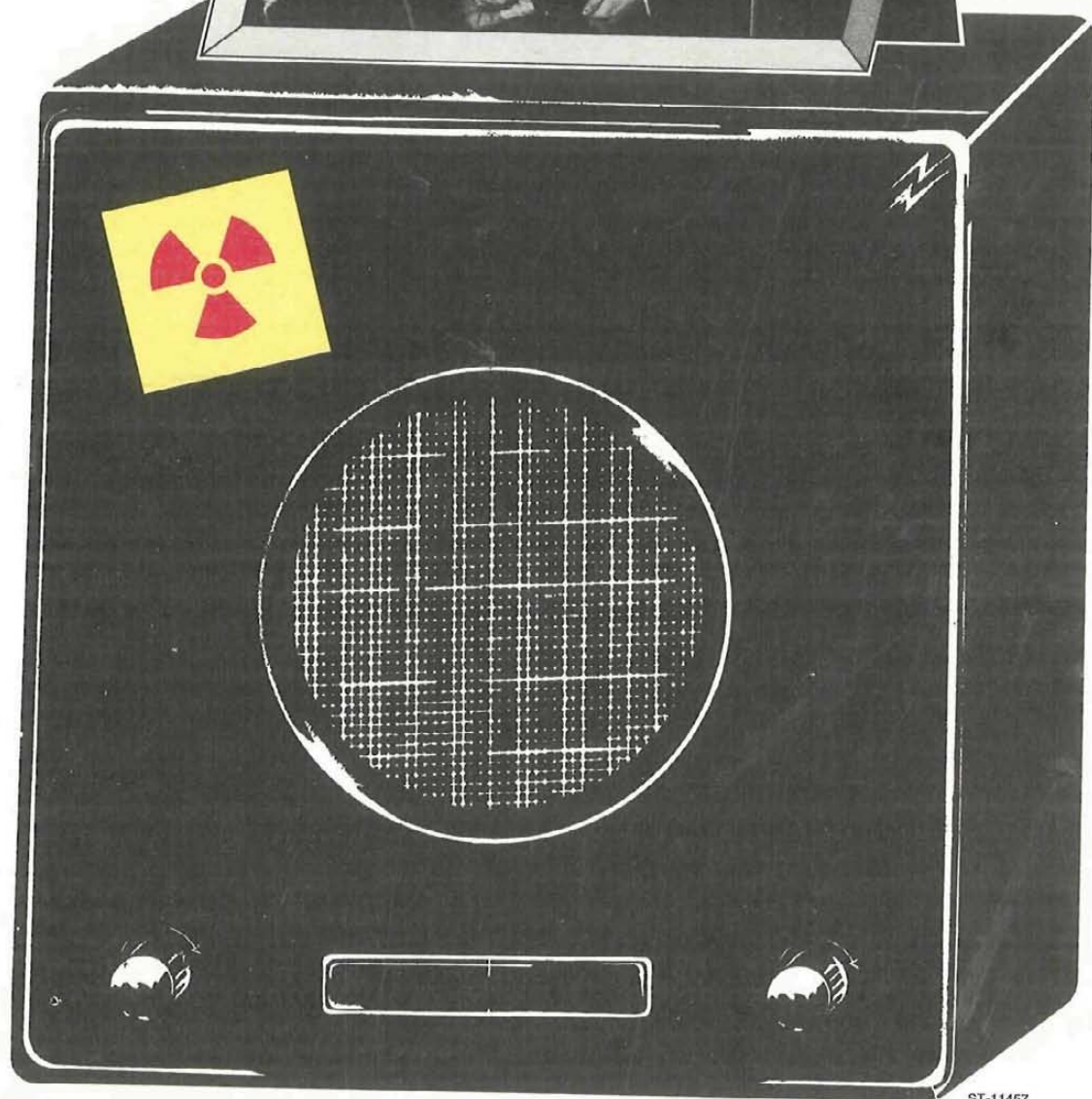
INADVERTENT CIVILIAN SIGHTING RECORD
 Classified NTD34567-897

Sighting: Annette Fuller, File #356-56-1630, Silver Springs, MD.
 Temporary hypno-screen resulted in daylight glimpse above Bethesda Naval Hospital. Subject called FBI. 2:40PM, June 15, 1970
Security Response: Subject was reassured that object was a weather balloon.



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NL-2

Canadian Corner

continued from page 34

with recognition. At this point, the reel runs out and there is much hooting, clapping, and stomping as the lights go up.

"Did ya like that bit a maple sugar I give ya?" says the guy on your right. You nod. "That were a pretty good film, weren't it? Are ya going ta stay and see the cocksucker again?"

The next day the papers will discuss whether or not the film went too far "philosophically," and whether it wouldn't be better if some "ideas" weren't left to the "imagination."

Truthfully, as every Canadian knows, many good films are made every year in Canada, some independently, but many by the National Film Board. The latter are screened once before a group of coke-snorting French homos at Cannes. "The Corporation," as the Canadian Broadcasting Corp is known, is notoriously unwilling to show any NFB film that does not put the attention span of the viewer to the ultimate test.

In fact, the CBC has just aired its three-thousandth-and-first documentary on Eskimo artisans, exceeding by twelve the number aired on the changing north. Tough pemmican for the frostbacks, eh, fer Chrissake?

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NL-176

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Happily, the lowest-priced Dual, the 1225, is the perfect example of Dual's basic design concept: to build every turntable with more precision than you are ever likely to need.

The 1225 is a fully automatic, single-play turntable with multi-play facility. Its vernier-adjustable low-mass counterbalanced tonearm can track flawlessly at as low as one gram. Stylus pressure is applied exactly as in every Dual, around the vertical pivot and perpendicular to the groove, maintaining perfect balance in all planes. Anti-skating force is also applied exactly in every Dual, with separate calibrations for conical, elliptical and CD-4 styli.

Other features the 1225 shares with all other Duals include pitch-control and cue-control damped in both directions. The hi-torque motor maintains speed within 0.1% even when line voltage varies as much as 20%, and the hefty 3½ lb., 10½" platter provides effective flywheel action to minimize the audible effect of any speed variation.

The newest Dual, the 510, is a single-play turntable with a unique semi-automated tonearm. A mechanical sensor indicates when the tonearm is positioned precisely over the lead-in groove of a 12" or 7" record. The tonearm remains suspended over the record until lowered by the cue-control; it cannot be dropped accidentally. At the end of play, the tonearm is automatically lifted by the cue-control and the motor shuts off.

In all other respects, the 510 is essentially the same as other full-sized Dual models. The 8¾" tonearm is mounted in a newly designed four-point gimbal suspension, and the dynamically-balanced cast platter is driven by an 8-pole synchronous motor via a precision-ground belt. Pitch is variable over a 6% range (a semitone) and can be conveniently set to exact speed by means of a built-in illuminated strobe, read directly off the rim of the platter.

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Dual 1225



Dual 510

Dual 1225, less than \$140, less base. Dual 1226, similar but with cast platter and rotating single-play spindle. Less than \$170. Dual 1228 with gimballed tonearm, synchronous motor, illuminated strobe, variable tracking angle, less than \$200.

Dual 510, less than \$200, less base. Full-size belt-drive models include: Dual 601, fully-automatic, less than \$250. (Dual CS601, with base and cover, less than \$270.); Dual 1249, fully-automatic, single-play/multi-play, less than \$280.

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The Eterna A Nightmare Un



Frame olds in Dealey Plaza



Death is quick, but the images of death last forever. On the strength of this observation, the Ant Farm motorcade (in conjunction with T.R. Uthco) waves a final farewell to consumers of "image Camelot." These shots by an amateur photographer record what one witness called, "The most horrible image I have ever consumed." Photos one through three show the motorcade entering Dealey Plaza on November 22, 1975. In the fourth (4), the artist-president has been caught by the first image-assassin's shot, his drag first lady yet unaware he is in trouble. Within a split second, the assassin takes another shot (5), hitting the governor. The artist-president slumps into his wife's arms for the seventeenth time that day, finally getting it right.



continued



As a secret service agent rushes to climb aboard, and the limousine speeds away to Parkland Hospital, Jackie reaches back to place a fragment of smashed watermelon on the car trunk, a heroic act partially obscured by the intervening tall, dark thing.

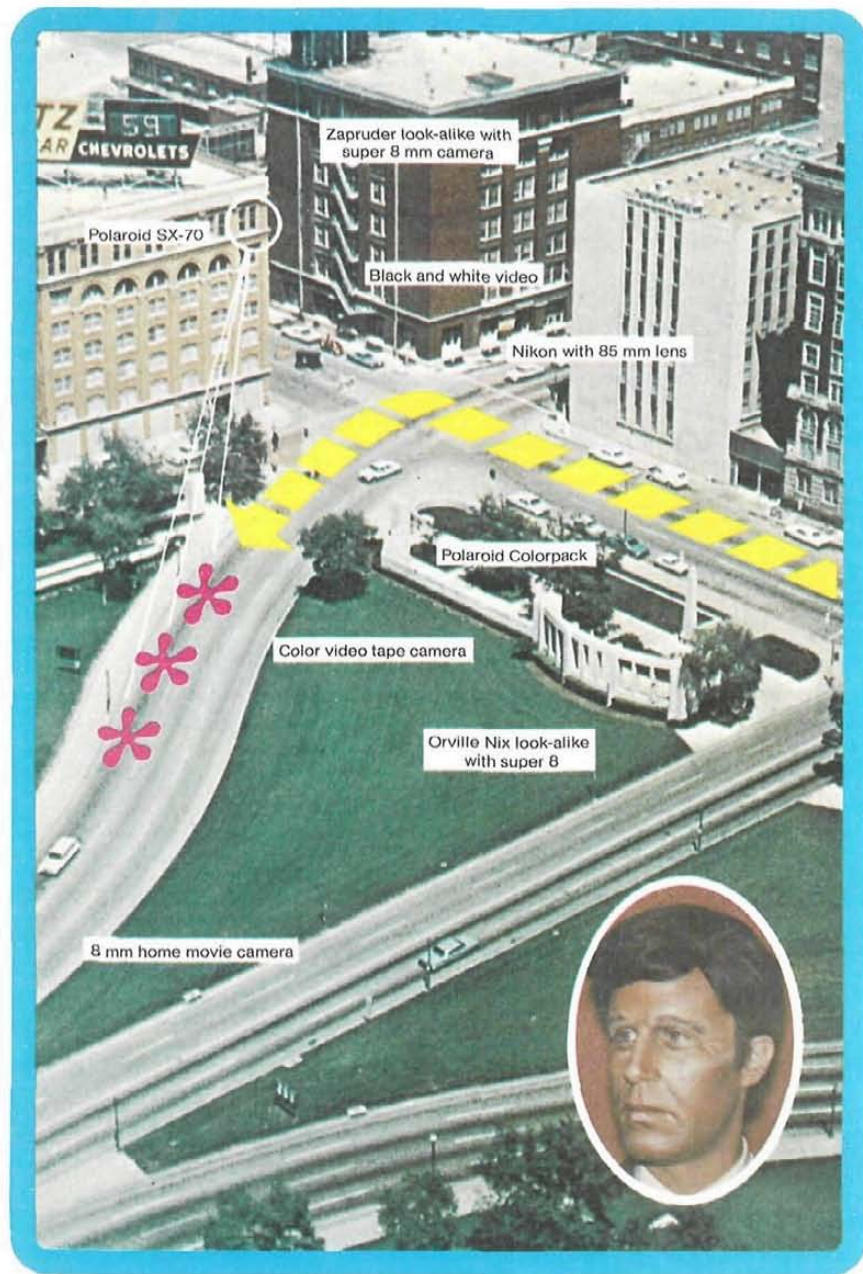


Never before published shots reveal a scene of split-second horror.

In these as-yet-unreleased photos taken by Dallas resident Harvey Hunt from the railroad overpass with a 300 mm telephoto fisheye lens, we are given a ringside seat as the final shot from the grassy knoll throws the artist-president's head back and Jackie screams, "Oh my God, oh my God, they've killed him again!"

continued

Conclusion: Artist-President Caught in Image Death Crossfire



Ironically, too, as the artist-president met his fate that day in Dallas, the photographic record of this tragic event-simulation *saved* him from the far worse fate of Image Death. Certain primitive tribes believe that cameras steal the soul. But the image in which it may be trapped will live until man vanishes, or fails to competently maintain his photo libraries, whichever comes first.

Had the artist-president experienced Image Death himself, he could not have experienced the real simulated death of November 22, 1975, and vice versa, thus proving the artist-president's own belief that "there are other kinds of death than just the one you can smell."

Many shots were taken but only a few hit the mark. This jumbo postcard shows Dealey Plaza on November 22, 1975.

THE ETERNAL FRAME A DOCUMENTED REENACTMENT OF THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY	NOV. 22, 1963 — NOV. 22, 1975		JACKIE'S DRESS made by Sandra Woodall
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*Chomsky on Mailer on Sontag
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January 8, 1976

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OUR CROWD

GORE VIDAL is a frequent contributor to William Buckley, Jr.

SUSAN SONTAG is a celebrated camp-follower, goes to Nazi movies often but doesn't like them very much, and wants to be Mary McCarthy when she grows up.

IRVING HOWE is an ardent proponent of all revolutions, except those that have happened, an ardent opponent of all wars, except those against Arabs, and is a fat douchebag.

ZBIGNIEW BRZEZINSKI is unthinkable.

MARY McCARTHY tells more than she knows, is about to be released as a major motion picture, and claims she sleeps with Norman Cousins.

SHULAMITH FIRESTONE is thirtyish, likes to walk in the rain, "digs" Sibelius, is warm, intellectual, extraordinary, wishes

to meet Asian Studies professor in forties who regards anger as an outlet as well as a means of communication or a large, well-hung Negro. No French, Greek, or fatties (that means you, Irving).

KARL SHAPIRO Spanish Club, Future Farmers of America, Prom Committee, Drivers' Ed Golden Clutch Award, Favorite Class — Eng Lit, Pet Peeve — Allen Ginsberg. "Let the good times roll."

CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN is a constitutional monarch. His works include *Ireland, What a Tsimmes* and *Carry on up the Congo*.

EDGAR Z. FRIEDENBERG is a well-known disciplinarian, wears the pants in his house, and is harder on his own.

ANDREI SAKHAROV is a closet Decembrist and has a large collection of Romanoff jewelry which he will swap for a copy of "Meet the Beatles" and/or a pair of Levis (W. 42, L. 23).

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ZION ON THE LINE

If Only We Could Forget Thee, O Israel!

by Fr. Daniel Buggerin, sj
Abelard Press, 234 pp., \$9.95

**A. Jew (actually Norman Podoretz,
but we can't let Epstein know)**

Fr. Buggerin, the well-known Catholic activist and rhymster who tangled acrimoniously with American Zionists after his unsolicited condemnation of both sides in the Yom Kippur war, stated at that time that his original skepticism of Zionist motives had been (now get this) "aroused by the observation that many of those who most roundly condemned American policies in Southeast Asia find no inconsistency in simultaneously supporting extreme militaristic and imperialistic policies on the part of the state of Israel."

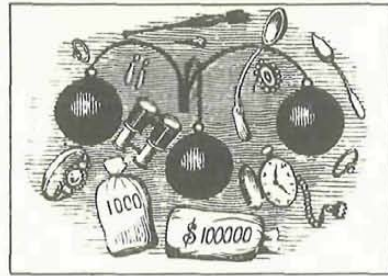
How's that for Jesuit logic? Or don't they teach them at Fordham that comparisons are odious?

Buggerin (whose sister-in-law, by the way, is a self-confessed shoplifter) in this, his latest book, claims that this "double standard at the heart of Zionism has been the cause of the anger directed at [him] by the North American liberal community," and yet, while addressing precisely this community, he finds it again impossible to avoid questioning of the very *idea* of Zionism. Such an argument is, as it must be, self-defeating.

Buggerin, still an acknowledged member of the religion which condoned

the Spanish Inquisition, by the way, maintains that the "uncritical Zionism prevalent among American Jews does little to clarify Israel's objective merits or demerits." And where, one asks oneself, was Father Dan when the United States decided to recognize the Vatican?

Anticipating the party line to be parroted by a noisy majority in the current morally (and financially) bankrupt United Nations, Buggerin slanders Israel as "a racist state." With the devious



logic typical of Irish Catholics, he defines his terms thus: "A state founded expressly by and for people of a particular race, based upon the apprehension of distinct and unique racial types."

This sophist (one is tempted to say "Jesuitical") argument leads our defrocked clergyman to conclude that "in the sense that they find it possible to discern a group as racially distinct, unique, or typical, the Zionist and the anti-Semite have much in common." Well, I for one can assure the Reverend Father that there's one hell of a differ-

the summer of '75 long, to affirm that the game nearest the nation's heart was as open-textured as the society foreseen here in Boston by the Founding Fathers.

And yet. And yet.

When the ballots are in (the universal



franchise, said Prud'homme, is the counterrevolution), who is baseball's

ence between the experiences of being recognized as a Jew by a coreligionist grocer, and being spotted by a member of the admissions committee at The New York Athletic Club.

It has been suggested that Father Dan was hit in the head by one too many billy clubs in his sit-in days. That would surely explain such statements as, "The central problem of Zionism is not that the Jews yearned for their homeland, but that they yearned for somebody else's." As he goes on to suggest, facetiously, one presumes, that other large ethnic groups in America might demand repatriation in their homelands (the Poles to Poland, the Irish to Ireland, the Blacks to Africa) with a claim "far more culturally and morally defensible than one based on dubious interpretations of ambiguous tribal scripture."

This comes dangerously near the "America, love it or leave it" jingoism of the right-wingers against whom this same Dan Buggerin appeared to be demonstrating; although I am not suggesting that the good Father was, at that time, a conscious double agent for the CIA.

When the late, great John XXIII said, "Spiritually, we are all Semites," I presume Father Buggerin realized that His Holiness was not referring to the Arabs. And, as my *landsman*, Nat Hentoff, said, "The next time Buggerin gets his ass thrown in jail, let the Catholics bail him out!" □

rookie of the year? Not the black in left, but the white in center. Not Rice, but Lynne. And the intellectual with an interest in sports, a guy like Norman or Wilfred or, say, me, is torn between pity and irony.

Sports, like theater (who is to say, in an age of high-priced Broadway triteness, that sport is not superior to theater? That there is not more hubris and katharis on the field than on the stage?) holds a mirror up to nature. The nature of society. And to almost all, Jim Rice remains invisible as Ralph Ellison. Invisible despite the eloquence of his beauty, grace, and affirmed black manhood.

Watch him stand proud at the plate, his strong yet tender Negro fingers roughly caressing the white ash bat handle, mighty legs astride, strong yet sensual mouth set in an inviting defiance of the inevitable pitch.

Low and Inside

The Sporting News Baseball Guide, 1975
by the editors of *Sporting News*
Random House, 56 pages, \$3.98

Garry Wills

Arching through the New England night sky now, not a redglare rocket or bomb burst but a white sphere following its parabola to the sward in the center of a city a-tremble still two centuries later with the meaning of liberty where blacks and buses shuttle in the night light lit white ball drops into the glove of—who? Yes, a black man. And in left field, too.

And before olde Fenway's de facto segregated crowd this night as others this dusky youth will blast that most nonviolent of bombs, a homer. He (and Looie-Looie Tiant, whose delivery is as deviationist as the Marxism of his homeland's head coach Fidel) seemed,

January 8, 1976

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"When keen minds conspire to storm the gates of Truth, then does Ignorance feel the sting of Inquiry's arrow, and Knowledge scales the Walls of Wisdom."

Edmund Burke

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Fear of Flies

Carrie Nation: Quicker than Liquor

by Kathryn Ann Harridan

Full Court Press, 173 pp., \$8.95

Annie Oakley: The Clausewitz of Crinoline

by Nora Fruchtbar

Full Court Press, 203 pp., \$9.95

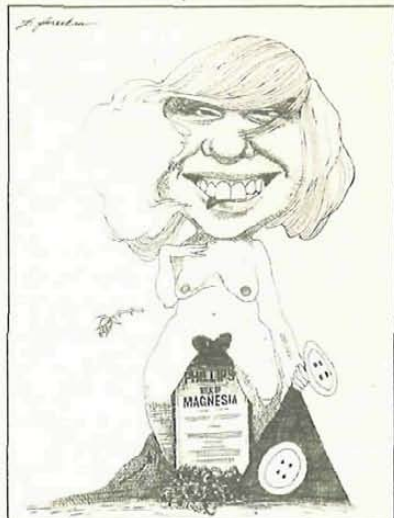
Erica Jong's Sister

Diachrony versus synchrony, the Levi-Straussian dualism between time seen as process versus time viewed as "the eternal now," this is the specter that haunts the women's liberation movement as well as the dodge that the American Academy has used to rob women of their history. While white-bearded academicians are quite willing to discuss rape, open marriage, and the "new" [sic] morality, they have seen fit to practice a curious kind of Joel Chandler Harrisian reductionism which has converted the true heroines of the Movement into ridiculous cartoon characters by a vicious process of cufifying (if I may be pardoned a neologism).

Full Court Press has attempted to drain this miasma and turn it into arable academic land once more with the publication of two landmark biographies. *Carrie Nation: Quicker than Liquor*, by Kathryn Ann Harridan, cuts through the prevailing nonsense of Carrie Nation's teetotalism to reveal the deep symbolism of her life's work. In a sense, Nation's prohibitionism was a Pauline gloss over the essential kerygma of her message . . . the ax. With one mighty blow of her broad ax, Carrie Nation breached the men-only decorum

of the saloon, breaking and destroying ripe vessels of warm liquid and thereby, in a symbolic manner, draining the vital essence from the sacs of male exclusionism.

Likewise, *Annie Oakley: The Clausewitz of Crinoline*, by Nora



Fruchtbar, chronicles the vicissitudes of the famed markswoman who was forced by a homocentric military establishment to channel her logistical and tactical genius (Chester A. Arthur called her the "greatest military mind since Osceola") into a circus act. In a way, Oakley's prowess with a pistol represented a symbolic usurpation of the traditional male projectile prerogative. But why go on? We all know why these women have been vilified and forgotten . . . they refused to put out. Men don't respect women unless they can poke endlessly at your innards with their shriveled little wands. And another thing . . .

The mineral you've always
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Peanuts, Tx. 99877

Final Solution:

Does Infinity Come Out of the Barrel of a Gun?

Conversations: Goldberg, the Man, the Jew

Not Again Press

Wholesale, 198 pp., \$5.95

Sand of Our Fathers

by Abduh Avaricious Sodomi
Exxon Press, 212 pp., free with a purchase of \$3.00 or more gasoline at any Exxon station.

Ted Mannstein

Last Thursday, while polishing my collection of extremely rare and disgusting Anatolian slave sternums, I received a phone call from Anthony Hendraov, editor of the *New York Review (of Us)*. Hendraov, a scholar preeminent in the field of, if not women's rights, at least women's needs, managed to suggest, after several false starts and gratuitous speculations upon the competence of his colleagues, that I undertake a piece on the unstable situation in the Middle East. He was, of course, careful to demand that the piece should be both dignified and reflective and should, at least in summation, make reference to the fact that Arabians, or 'Rabs, as they are called in more detached reference works, are to a man both murderous and mite-ridden.

So it was that I sat down last Thursday with Sy Goldberg to thrash out some of the diplomatic intricacies besetting a solution to the Middle East problem.

Goldberg was a man whose thoughts have been described as being "like certain bills passed by congress: not only crudely self-interested, but buffered and shaped by the demands of a thousand pressure groups."

Goldberg, an author and mathematician who makes his own furniture, earned his reputation as a scholar when in 1966 he was able to refute a thesis written in yellow magic marker on the door of the faculty washroom at Columbia which alleged, "Anti-Semitism predated the Jews by three thousand years."

"Basically," said Goldberg, "Israel is faced at present with three major problems: a desire among certain elements of the population to continue living, the increasing incidence of visions of a final solution among right-wing kibbutznoids, and a bunch of 'Rabs who don't want to pay rent.

"Some of Israel's problems stem from the fact that for the last three thousand years, Jews have been developing ethical systems designed to convince Christians not to butcher friendly trading nations and to make them pay interest on their loans. This time would have been better spent cooking up new bombs. Consequently, the Arabs, who spent the same historical period laying down the basics of mathematics, medicine, and astronomy, taking only periodic breaks to introduce each other's sons to hashish and sodomy on three-day camel excursions to Medina, have



fostered a certain amount of good will among the major powers; good will bulwarked largely by the size of their available oil reserves, and to a lesser extent by the legitimacy of their land claims."

In contrast to Goldberg's opinions are those of Abduh Avaricious Sodomi, as set out in his ferociously analytic treatise, *Sand of Our Fathers*. Perhaps a trifle daring in his stupidity, Sodomi

(self-acclaimed leader of the Great Glorious and Correct Palestinian Hegel Appreciation Society) makes it clear in the first few pages of his treatise (written for the university he founded on a rock in the center of a refugee camp) that his ambition is not just to lead the Palestinian people back to their rightful homeland but to drive a large foreign car and tell his neighbors when to bathe.

He quotes at great length and to little purpose the sixth century B.C. Arab poet El Mutantabi:

A time will come when a heat-crazed prophet with matted hair will lead from out the desert a people devoid of culture, gold, or maidens of any beauty. These people shall proclaim to all who will listen in the marketplace and at the city gate that they are a people chosen of God. And they shall anger the king with their pleading that he cease to quarry stone, employ slaves, and retain his prepuce. And they shall kill animals in their worship and [at this point the text is unclear] murder in [her dwelling palace] a [priestess of beauty?] and others who are unclean [like pig?].

As I sit here now mulling over historical antecedents and a cooling glass of cinnamon-scented Barbados rum, it occurs to me that articles in the NYRoU are paid for by the word and not by the number of fashionable sentiments expressed or the number analogies flattering to the readership employed in a given paragraph; and that if an article can succeed in assuring the reader it is possible both to dislike Nelson Rockefeller and remain a valuable contributing member of the lounging and speculating set, it has fulfilled, albeit thinly and without foul language, both its purpose and a portion of mankind's in this world. □

Yet Another Poem

by Ozzie Maudlinstrum, translated from the English of W. S. Merwin

*From Russia with gloves
we walk in snow
difficult to distinguish
one from another
like night and day.*

*Workers with two left boots,
workers with two left feet,*

*and after the soup
a burning in my heart.
We pass many cemeteries
the gravestones remind me of a city
but the citizens are dead.
Quite soon we will be, too,
but that's the human condition
for you.*

You Don't Have to Be Jewish

The Nose

by Philip Roth

Random House, 356 pages, \$7.98

Bruce Jay Friedman

Finally, in *The Nose*, we see Roth rising to the level of his material—almost as a footnote to his own asterisk of literary populism. Still funny (of course!), and hilariously so, as he autobiographically pens this trip through his own odyssey in terms of the fictional Sammy Glick and his frustrated yet maturing tumble from the poverty of New York's Lower East Side to respectable success as resident writer at a prestigious Ivy League university.

There's a profound reiteration in the telling of this entire expansive growth—the exocrescental pecks at his pathetic sister, the school yard bully, the final emotional confession that is, even so, revenge foreboding guilt. Funny? Yes. But funny with that lash of truthful sting. Take the childhood scenes, for instance—the eye-dampening laughter of the famous “dishes” passage, or the portrayal of sensitive Sammy and his eternal constipation born of oppressive, smothering though somehow heroic motherhood which we see, in one of this novel's illuminations of descriptive light, harassed by her ill-provided brood and telling Sammy that, “A goyishe Irish Police down the convenience lives. Oil So? What could a mother do should you not be in bed before the toilet stops to flushing?”

Wholesaling It

by Bruce Jay Friedman

Random House, 356 pages, \$7.98

Saul Bellow

Only one example of Friedman's skilled ability to capture dialogue—pithily, touchingly, feelingly. The sort of pithy feeling touch that lets him communicate the whole world of Sammy Glick's Lower East Side as a complete universe.

Building a legend of mythology outside the symbolical, Friedman uses the fact of our own human bowels to picturesquely illustrate Sammy's conflict between creativity and material retention, fear and action—to do and not to do. It's a frightening terror inspired by a sometimes hateful love, and Friedman promotes his thesis even while showing its other side in Sammy's dream/horror achievement of an adult role in the world of intelligent intellectuals towards which he yearns and strains through the budding sexuality of pubescence and its trials: when the author takes us out in the tenement halls with Sammy, guts full of anxiety and waste, to stare through the keyhole at the open-robed sister, sad in her fat and fate of wealth without true riches; when he painfully recounts the daily beatings in the street by his Irish school's handball champion.

Herzog Dedux

by Saul Bellow

Random House, 356 pages, \$7.98

Bernard Malamud

(“Only Sammy's other officer in Sammy's other bathroom,” probes Bellow). Or when he brings alive all the complex emotions of psychological entanglement when the “pig-faced goy” turns up again as an important university department head and Sammy bleeds something for all of our interpersonal wounds when we see our bully's wife taste infidelity and infidel.

Bellow is writing us a kind of success story, and then takes away the sweet taste of success, sometimes replacing it with a bitter gall. But, always, if we are to fully understand this quintessential essence of the American inner saga, there must be a continuing return to Sammy—Mother, conserve-spew, the touch of protection and the protective spasm of touch. So that on the intricate sparseness of a single character's framework in his own life, we see hung the cloths of a larger tapestry in a story of doors man may never have been meant to open and windows he was never meant to close.

Though, on the other hand, there is no denying the vitality of Bellow's treatment of Sammy's mother, particularly (her frankly anal approach to discipline aside). □

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LETTERS

IS UPDIKE A DOWN PANSY?

To the Editors:

Mr. Harold Bloom's noncriticism of the new John Updike *oeuvre* (the issue last) smacks of desperation and an, one might observe, almost Byzantine depravity of taste. Whereas with what exquisite formulation of élan has Mr. U. modeled his ti leaf projectiles onto *anthurium* for all time now. In a by now happily characteristic gesture, the brilliant substitution of the "happy landings" inscription forms the penultimate missive of this work, golf clubs and luggage depicted (circa 1932), a subtlety Mr. Bloom, for all his massive learning and an acumen which upon other, more minor occasions has done noble service to the garlanded ones, whether of laurel, myrtle, or ivy never sere, with his brain, the aberrance of a deranged pastry cook, could not possibly apperceive without these phrenzied propagandistic bibliosities and his usual gleet and mental swelth. This is Updike's greatest work, his *Perceforest*, of that there can be no question. Aside that Mr. Bloom "approves" of the endeavor to hand, to place above Updike's bodicifications and brilliance as an urnist his footling and flash attempts at the marmoreal is to mark him who so places as a goose of the worst ilk, and thus a decay upon the limbs of Updike himself.

For the traditions of the WASP, like those of the bee, are to be ever-breeding, and we, standing out here with our "Christian" names rampant — Lionel, Lincoln — we, we must understand that point of view. What has Mr. Bloom to say, one wonders, of Mr. Updike's "stocking his shelves" with transparent plastic ovals containing corsages composed of Double Bubble, cigarette butts, dog biscuits, peppermint Lifesavers, Beanie Gum, Kraft taffies, peanuts, and Q-tips, the act of a nonpareil ironist? Top it if you can. Finch rose memorial oases—pooh! Not to see this is to miss the point entirely, but I understand how Mr. Bloom might miss it, since it is situated on the top of his head.

Most cordially,
Bud Schulberg

Harold Bloom replies:

Pedrix, toujours pedrix, Bud Schulberg cannot be still, like a snore always the same note, everdrooling like a rustic with the glanders, and indeed one is amazed to hear that he is still alive, and Updike his leman. Well, what is so strangely obvious that one can only lower one's head into one's palm in anguished forbearance to

"The last being: "Deliver to Newark Airport, Air Alitalia, flight 108 for Naples, leaving at 8:10. Don't crush the ribbon."

have to make it plain, is that as a bouquetologue J. U. is not and in a month of Sundays never will be recalled by cultural heritagists, by whom he is already adequately pigeonfeatherholed for his *études funerailes*, catafalqueries, and hic jacets. Did Mr. Schulberg own a reference book, he would know it. U's red carnation baskets are a disaster, his lace Bibles grim, his vase-work a hernia, and while his grammar in cymbidium has something to be said for it in the bridesmaid's scene, only the most poikilothermal dévoté could stand behind the syntax of his dependent glamellias in posies, nosegays, and hitmeintefaces, amid which I remain, nose pinched between thumb and forefinger, *nil admirari*. Ah, but if Mr. S. will regard his Hogarth-curved coffin corners, hearse-blankets, horseblankets, standing hearts, and horseshoes, as he should, were he not so for some reason (I do not say I ascribed it to aesthetic deficiency, *Schadenfruede* being not, I hope, one of my besetting sins) stupid, the fool would see wherein the strength of that clear-skinned, uncircumcised, Beardsley-faced young man lies. A style like baby's breath. For any knowledgeable critic to assert otherwise is to relegate himself to the sidewalk amid the lotus pods, stasis, and last week's poms, and for any fellow *artiste* to differ with this view, *pace* Bud, is placing himself even further out in the street, and if I may reach for the mot just, horseshit. Thank you.

GRAVE MATTERS

To the Editors:

We, the undersigned, wish to protest in the strongest terms the fact that big corporations make outrageous profits and that partly in consequence, rich people have much more money than poor people. Furthermore, it has come to our attention that the police often arrest people and put them in jail, that all the great hotels are being torn down, and that kids these days don't know the meaning of the word *manners*. Finally, we are profoundly shocked by at least ten other things too numerous to mention which we'll write to you about next week.

Ever yours,
Paul Goodman
Dag Hammarskjöld
Lionel Trilling
John Berryman
Lillian Hellman (hon. d.)
Eleanor Roosevelt
Albert Schweitzer's
Illegitimate Black Son
Martin Buber
Edmund Wilson
Pablo Neruda
Salvador Allende
and at least ten others
too dead to mention

P.S. And what about Vatican II, huh? □

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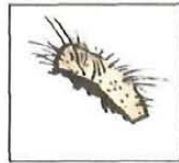
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The old boar down at last, the young gathered about him, but still uncertain he was dead, they

CLASSIFIED ADS		
PERSONAL		
LOST IN SANTA CRUZ radical blather, need coherent conversation, intellectual traction. Interests: Mandelstam, Eliot, Pound, Berryman, Jong, languages, music, opera, backgammon. If uninitiated, write NYR, Box 10773.	SHOCK ABSORBER insertion and Saul Bellow technique. If you honestly understand what this means, please contact immediately. NYR, Box 81102.	JEWISH-GOYISH/MABLE Jew, 29, looks to break Sabbath and High Holy Day traditions with non-Jewish young woman who speaks very little English. NYR, Box 443.
SHEILAH! We dined June 13. You brought spam jelly, I made carrot yogurt; we ate chinks. Lost your number. Help me, please! NYR Box 88331.	HUMANISTIC, IRONIC, teleological, proleptic, heuristic, typological, dichotomistic, transumptive or meta-leptic, eclectic, Thomistic, neocritical-male seeks unkmpt slattern with big nipples and strong bowed legs to raise a mess of brats with. Write NYR, Box 88654.	GOYISH-JEWISH/GOYISHE, bilingual Roman Catholic girl, 29, pretty, likes Mailer Malamud, McKuen, seeks young male who will consent to pose as ham radio operator in exchange for physical love. NYR, Box 2311.
YOUNG MARRIED BUSINESS PROFESSOR and vice-president of a well-known liberal arts college seeks female companionship for quiet luncheon, light shopping, and dry humping. Must be discreet and immaculately confidential. Thomas Parker, General Delivery, North Bennington, Vt. 05201.	FREELANCE WRITER, POET DESIRES occasional beatings from attractive, well-educated, professionally oriented Japanese. NYR, Box 997.	JEWISH-GOYISH, Tired, tense Jewish woman seeks hyperactive, guilty Greek to share urinary tract infection and school holidays. Strong. NYR, Box 299.
HOT, DIFFICULT TO HANDLE, OVERWEIGHT MAN seeks lonely, sensitive, ethical woman with enormous breasts. Write NYR, Box 33811.	OVER 40, WELL-READ, SLIGHTLY WAN yet tenacious business exec likes certain literature and seeks younger females (under 13) for light work. NYR, Box 11.	PROTESTANT FREE-LANCE WRITER needs info for booklet on anal retention, expulsives, Jewish preferred. Possible participation. Write Prof. M. NYR, Box 5.
TIMID AND SHY young Bronx Jewish student, glasses, from reserved, sedate, conserv. family, seeks relations with fedayeen. NYR, Box 732.	SOLID BOSTONIAN, F. SCOTT FITZGERALD TYPE, double Ph.D., published abroad, tenured professor, well-versed with unusual face, schooled in Gt. Britain, needs female who likes good gums. NYR, Box 88711.	BROOKLYN YESHIVA, 63, PROFESSOR of Kabbalah and Tractates from Lubovitch family of fabric merchants is fed up with smelly rituals. Seeks to trade Yartzeit candles for open-minded relations with young gentlemen from upstate. NYR, Box 55113.
EXTRAORDINARILY HIGH I.Q. physicist/lit. historian, fun-loving, sensual, sensitive, quiet, timid almost, with gigantic genitalia, seeks discreet relations with women from Ohio or Pennsylvania. NYR, Box 391.	WELL-VERSED BUT BORED Indiana U. prof. of entomology seeks responsible male for short conversations, light baby sitting, some clitoral stimulation. NYR, Box 8890.	SERVICES
PUBLISHED HISTORIAN and professor of comp. lit. (slight acne scars on right temple, lower back) seeks sexual freedom in the form of controlled napalm warfare. If you follow, write NYR, Box 22199.	GROISSE ZETZ; TUCHUS, if you really understand, please send detailed, confidential reply to NYR, Box 11045.	UNDER RABBINICAL SUPERVISION: Williamsburg, Brooklyn J.H.S. teacher, expert on Torah, seeks to convert homosexuals using simple prayer and other techniques. No electricity. NYR, Box 32998.
HUNGARIAN PROFESSOR of radiology at Technical College of Odobestio, congenial, intense, ironic, laconic, independent, occasionally redundant, with redundant tendencies seeks pen-friend outside Soviet bloc with whom to discuss stamps and oral sex. NYR, Box 551.	ORTHODOX PSYCHOLOGIST who knows how to live well seeks woman to share bleeding ulcer. NYR, Box 8775.	SUFFERING WRITERS! I CAN HAVE YOUR MATERIAL PUBLISHED, printed, and distributed on colorful cocktail napkins. Send 75¢ for free booklet.
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BOOKLOVING, TV HATING Brooklyn man. Unattached again, long unemployed, diffident, with a little psoriasis but not much, takes long shits, naps, reads Jewish-Buddhist newspapers, was once interested in the Hittites, hates smoking, sex in the morning, listening to anyone else, has bad breath from smoking Camels, washes own socks whenever, roll of existential bellyfat, wen, baldspot, into his own hang-ups, vulnerable, cries a lot, mugged twice, broken shoelace, rumpled sheets, teacup, cracker crumbs, bathroom tap. Seeks nonsmoking, blond, voluptuous glamorgirl with intellectual tolerances and blue eyes to keep house for him and share the rent, gas, elec., be understanding and (hopefully) invest herself in a deep, durable, and sensually abandoned relationship. Write Moise Tvechka, NYR, Box 87678.	REFORM LIBERAL, outspoken, Long Island Congregational rabbi and wife seek well-educated, literary black woman for racial repatee, intensive interviews, light housework. NYR, Box 3218.	SPARE TIME
AM I LOOKING FOR YOU? Speak up. I'm weary of this frantic social whirl, garden parties, convertibles, highballs at the Ritz in my squash shorts. The effete Nob Hill world makes me languid with ennui. Graceless, arch, and pertinacious females swigging gossip and daquiris and trying to impress one with their breeding and intellect at the same time as they are rolling their eyes and inching toward the bedroom door towards which I will not move from my wingback chair to take a step—from these and their kidney, spare and deliver me. I long to meet a sweet, unspoiled young thing, about nineteen, with all her virtues and ideals intact, laughing gayly over one shoulder as she comes in from tennis. Fresh of mind, fresh of body. If you are such, I am rich beyond measure, and not yet forty. Randolph is my name, despoilation my game. But I'm sincere. So few are. NYR at once! Box 65432.	SOMEWHAT UNHAPPILY MARRIED orthodox, well-mannered gentleman seeks shame. Reply NYR, Box 22910.	HOW TO MAKE MONEY INVENTING SMALL WORDS. I'll tell you how to do it and where to go. Barrett, P.O. Box 332, Grand Central Station, NYC.
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	BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED London townhouse homosexual. Also, renovated early 20th century bisexual. Town and Country Real Estates. Avail. 6 mos. Security. NYR, Box 1718.	PALIMPSESTS, INCUNABULA, hieroglyphs, scrolls, papyri, cave paintings, teepee drawings, and other preliterate shit. Ya want it, we got it! If it ain't in our large stock, you get our free soich soivce. Let us whip our catalogue to you! Da Book Bug, Galloshers, Ore. 20897.
	JEWISH/GOYISH GOYISH/JEWISH	HANG-A-POET —I'll hang and frame your favorite living poet, you, or other essayist. Send for important brochure. We've done Berryman, Flath, Roethke, Anne Sexton. Become well known right away! Barrett, P.O. Box 332, Grand Central Station, NYC.
	JEWISH-GOYISH/JEWISH MAN, 33, seeks Roman-type goy to share experiences and some knocking around on Purim and other festival days, Simchat Torah, or anytime. NYR, Box 9722.	



It's a bright, sunny day in Dallas, but the wind is brisk, so I'm happy that I decided to wear my smart pink mohair suit with its matching pillbox hat. I've paused a moment to slip on white kid gloves to protect my hands from the sharp thorns on these lovely roses. Soon I'll be waving to the people of Dallas from a motorcade as I ride through Dealey Plaza toward the triple underpass: I'd better hurry, because I don't want to be late for my...

Date with Destiny

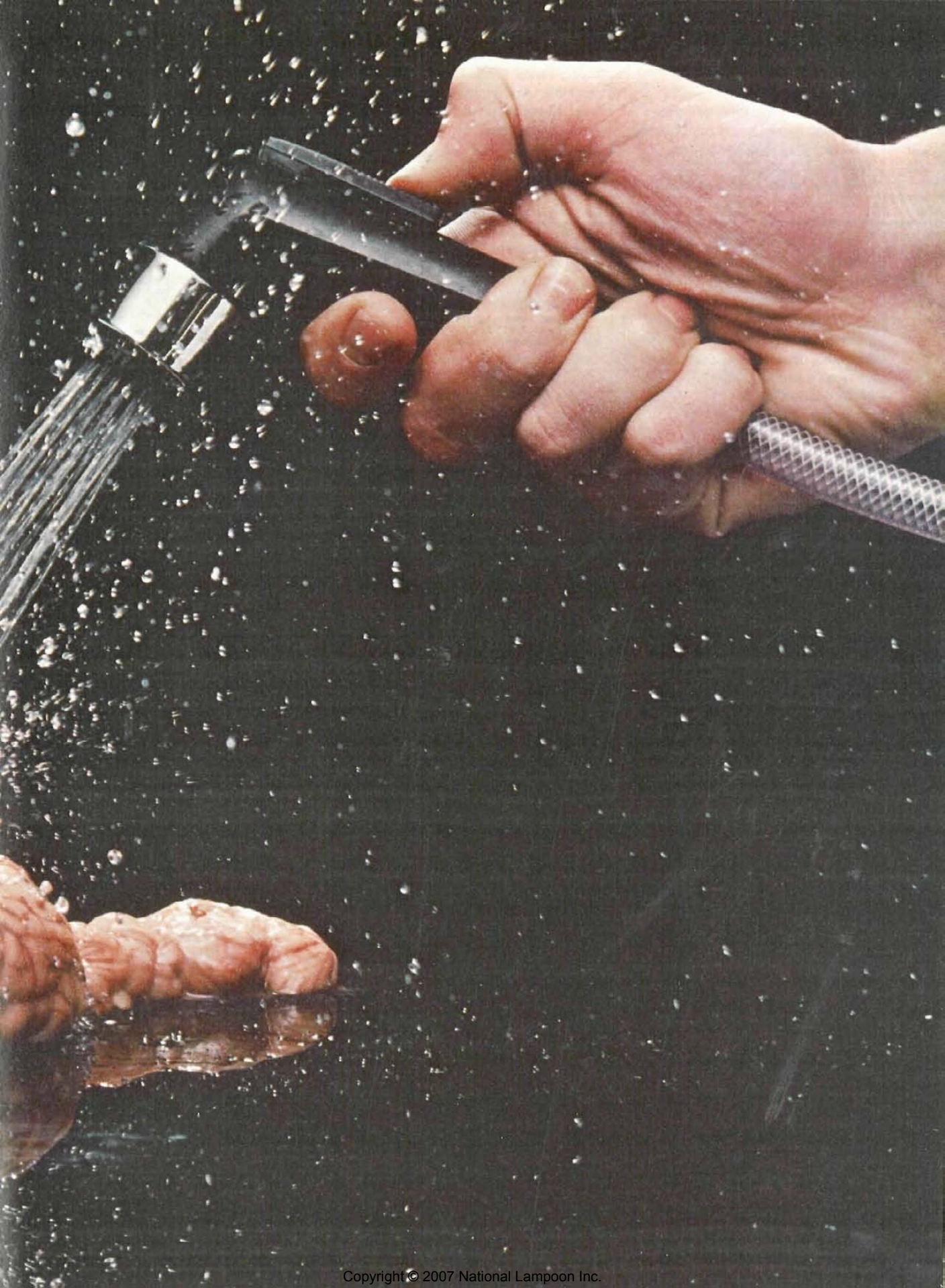
Couched in Secrecy

The true case histories of the CIA's secret psychoanalyst

by Gerald Sussman

One of the most carefully guarded secrets in the CIA was the fact that the top echelon officers had their own psychoanalyst, a man not connected with their regular medical staff. As their trusted analyst, he heard their most personal confessions, and analyzed many strange, unusual problems. For years, he has kept a set of personal notes, tapes, and case histories. After Watergate, when the infamous activities of the CIA were brought into the open, he decided to violate the confidentiality of doctor and patient and publish his material. As ex-CIA agents Phillip Agee and Victor Marchetti before him, he felt it was his duty as an American to expose this huge, monstrous organization to the public scrutiny. Written under the pseudonym *Gerald Sussman*, *Couched in Secrecy* is surely the most revealing account of CIA activities ever written. The *National Lampoon* is proud to offer excerpts from this important book, soon to be published.

continued



continued

Richard Helms

Code name: Froggy

Period of treatment: 1971–1972

Richard Helms, director of the CIA from 1966 to 1972, was the complete professional, a smooth-talking, elegantly dressed man whose intricately lined face barely concealed a trigger-quick ruthlessness and a profound cynicism. He was the undisputed king of spies—a master of political intrigue, both inside and outside the CIA. He first came to me for treatment on February 16, 1971.

"What's on your mind?" I asked. (Sometimes, this ancient but slightly disarming opening line works, especially with someone who's never heard it before.)

"Everything," said Helms. "Where do I begin?"

I couldn't resist one more smug, standard psychiatrist retort. "Why not begin at the beginning?"

Helms was too overwrought to notice this outrageous and almost insensitive joke. Actually, I use these cheap little jokes to put my patients immediately at ease.

"I'm losing control," said Helms. "I'm losing control of my life. I'm a victim of strange desires. I feel like one of those poor people in horror movies who turn into monsters."

"Give me an example."

"Yesterday, in the middle of an extremely important briefing with Kissinger, the National Security Council, and the president, I had to excuse myself because I had an uncontrollable desire to have my secretary pour hot lentil soup down my back while feeding me bananas dipped in ketchup. Of course, I was terribly ashamed; I had to have the poor girl electroshocked so she would have no recollection of what I did. She's not much use for anyone now, so we put her in the filing department under *x* and *z*, where she doesn't have to do much. I keep getting unholy desires and disquieting dreams—day and night—and I can't understand why.

"Last night, I dreamt I was in some kind of public building. I was under a long, long table, a table that stretched out toward infinity. Hundreds of people were seated at this table. They were all women, young blond women, and they all had big penises. Here's the sickening part. I was going down on these women. You know...performing fellatio... when all of a sudden the whole place

was on fire. Everybody ran in a panic, except me. I was trapped under the table. And I couldn't scream for help. My voice wouldn't work. Thank God I woke up at that point."

Helms was obviously carrying a residue of guilt over some clandestine CIA plot he carried out, something to do with a fire or a bombing. They all say they don't feel any guilt, that it's strictly a professional matter and all in the higher interest of national security, etc., etc. But I'm not so sure they don't feel a pang now and then.

There were other dreams. In one, he was being overrun by thousands of geese, trampling him underfoot. In another, he was sitting on top of a huge zeppelin, smiling and laughing to himself. Then he took a long knife out of a holster and plunged it into the zeppelin, causing it to explode, while at the same time leaving him completely unharmed, floating in the air.

At the next session, he told me about a dream where he was walking a pair of dogs in the country, in the mountains. Then he was indoors, in a kitchen, with a cuckoo clock announcing the time. But instead of a bird coming out of the clock, an airplane flew out and strafed everyone in the room—a tiny airplane with real machine guns.

"Have you ever been to a place like the one in your dream? What does it remind you of? Switzerland, perhaps?"

"My God! Yes, of course! I was in Switzerland many times."

My first breakthrough. Triggering his memory. Out of his past, I hoped to unravel the meaning of dreams and the strange desires.

"Allen Dulles was based in Switzerland during World War II, you know," said Helms. "I remember having secret meetings with him in a little village high up in the mountains. It was called Swurn, or Klurn, or something like that. There was a medical clinic I used to visit after I would see Dulles. Dulles liked to have little socials, little get-togethers, where he'd melt a lot of dark Swiss chocolate, smear it on his face, and sing minstrel songs. He would make me play the tambourine. He thought I had a good sense of rhythm.

"I recall one evening when I said good-bye to Dulles, and he held my hand warmly and said, 'Whatever happens, I promise to do the best I

can.' I guess I must have been on some kind of dangerous assignment for the OSS at the time. I was stationed in the London branch. The OSS was the forerunner of the CIA, as you probably know. I remember as I said farewell to Allen that I felt very frightened. I wasn't sure if I'd ever come back."

Helms looked grim. He was digging into some painful memories. Whoever said war is hell wasn't kidding. It can have a traumatic effect on people.

"I had to put on an elaborate disguise to conceal my true identity," said Helms. "I was made up into an old woman, a hag. Allen even insisted that all my teeth be pulled out and my jawline reset, for perfect realism. It was a terribly painful operation. Eventually, I got a new set of teeth, of course, but they'll never be as good as my old ones.

"The next thing I remember is running down a corridor and climbing a long ladder to the street. Bombs were exploding all around me. I may have been hit. I'm not sure. There was a car somewhere. We drove for hours. A plane was waiting for us. We flew to safety."

For the next few weeks, Helms would alternate between moments of clarity and odd paranoid fits. He thought his food was being bugged—that his rivals in the CIA were installing near-invisible microphones in his vegetables, highly sensitive microphones that were resistant to the digestive system and remained in the stomach, recording his every word. But his memories were coming back, and he wanted desperately to relate them to me. At first, he wouldn't talk for fear of being recorded, so he wrote down an account of his postwar years.

What I Did After the War by Richard Helms

"As soon as I flew to safety after that secret OSS mission, Allen got me back to the United States, where I was decorated with the Distinguished Service Cross. Then I was sent to the 'farm,' the CIA training center in Virginia, where Allen wanted me to rest and recuperate from the horrors of that mission.

"Evidently, I was pretty badly shell-shocked, because Allen insisted that I needed extensive rehabilitation. God, I remember going through all kinds of strange treatments, with all sorts of wires and gizmos attached to

continued on page 62



The Sixteen Amazing Differences Between Lincoln & Kennedy

by David Smith

- Nancy Hanks Lincoln.....Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy
- No higher education.....Harvard
- Never served in military.....War hero
- New Salem postmaster.....New Georgia (PT-109)
- Never played football.....Football enthusiast
- Not Irish.....Irish
- Needed beard for personality...Charmer
- Non-Catholic.....Catholic
- North/south campaign issue...Religion campaign issue
- No daughter.....Caroline
- North Carolina secedes.....North Carolina has a Wilmington, too
- Never dealt with Cuba.....Cuban missile crisis
- Negroes freed.....Negroes riot
- No more volunteer army.....Still no volunteer army
- Never went anywhere.....European tour
- Never shaved.....Clean-shaven

Couched in Secrecy

continued from page 60

my head, and taking all sorts of new drugs, wonder drugs, Allen called them. Then there was a little surgery done on my face. I must have been hit by one of the bombs back in Europe. I don't know. Everything was a blur to me. I just remember months and months of medical treatment to get me back in shape.

"When I felt strong and healthy, Allen would visit me every day and give me all sorts of fine books to read. He'd take me to lectures and films and discuss American politics and foreign policy through the night. At that time, I was living in my own little bungalow in a nice, secluded spot on the farm. I had a full staff at my disposal—male housekeeper, cook, gardener, even a valet—a pretty big staff for such a small house, but Allen insisted I needed them. He thought it would be better for me to stay in seclusion until I was perfectly cured of my war injuries. Since I would soon be engaged in highly confidential CIA work, he didn't want to risk sending me out while there was still a possibility that I could lose control of myself. He felt a strong obligation to me because he was the one who assigned me to the dangerous mission that resulted in my wounds. He wanted to be sure I was in A-1 shape before I went back to active service on the outside.

"Meanwhile, I worked with Allen as a sort of right-hand man, consultant, adviser, whatever you want to call it. He even gave me a title: director of special services. He wanted me to be his unofficial foreign policy adviser. One time, I said to him, 'Allen, isn't that a little out of my line? I'm an expert in clandestine operations. Besides, the CIA is an intelligence agency, not a foreign policy outfit. Foreign policy belongs to the state people, n'est-ce pas?' He said, 'Never you mind what belongs to who. We're all working together as a team, and I think your contributions would be invaluable to us.' Whereupon he would cook up some delicious vegetable-protein cutlets and brew some peppermint tea and pick my brains on whatever problems and projects were on tap. I was very influential in our major decisions about the Korean war, the Berlin Airlift, the overthrow of the leftist thugs in Guatemala, and that gangster Mossadeh in Iran. I also advised our people to get started early in Laos

and Vietnam.

"I'll always be grateful to Allen for instilling a strong sense of patriotism in me. That's the bottom line for us at the CIA, believe it or not—and you better believe it. Our critics think we're immoral, amoral, cynical, or whatever because we do a little spying and engage in 'dirty tricks.' The fact is, we do it for the best cause in the world—the security and well-being of our country. Far from being cynical or immoral, I think we're remarkably old-fashioned. We simply love our country and what it stands for. And we recognize our enemies, foreign and domestic. I know this sounds corny, but I still get goose pimples when I hear the 'Star Spangled Banner' being played. I'm simply proud to be an American, I guess.

"How long did I stay at the farm? I'm not sure. It must have been at least fifteen years. I lost track of the time, what with all my treatments and my consulting work with Allen. I didn't seem to mind the seclusion. Once in a while, my tics would act up. The left side of my face and my hands. Again, it was those old war wounds. That's when Allen would take me to his beautiful country house high in the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia. He always provided lovely female companions for me, his nieces. They were usually about nineteen or twenty years old, with long blond hair and blue eyes, and most important, they had a deep, abiding love for their country. I am not a particularly strong man, but when I was with these girls I would think nothing of taking them on my shoulders piggy-back style and riding them all over the house as they sang patriotic songs to me—everything from our national anthem to the songs of George M. Cohan. The more they sang, the stronger I got. They would have to beg me to let them down! I was very happy at Allen's country house. Sometimes he would let me walk his dogs, his Alsatians. I was at my best at those times, very relaxed and clear-headed, and Allen would discuss the most confidential government affairs with me. I would even surprise myself with the boldness and decisiveness of my ideas. Allen almost always agreed with me. About invading and conquering East Germany, for instance. Or taking over England and using it exclusively as an air base for our jets and missiles. But there was always some snag—

some wishy-washy type in Congress who objected, or that the president was afraid to act when the time was ripe. Sometimes I used to fall into terrible rages because my ideas were not used, and the tics would start again. But Allen would calm me down."

Helms's account of his post-war years was remarkable, but was it true? As far as I knew he worked for the CIA in a regular capacity in various important jobs during this period. He knew Dulles, but certainly not as a very close friend and adviser. The secluded, circumscribed life he described was at odds with the known facts.

Unless his comings and goings were far more secretive than I thought. I'm only a psychiatrist, not a master spy. And the CIA is capable of tricks and deceptions ordinary mortals wouldn't dream of. Perhaps Helms used his regular desk job as a cover for his real operations at the farm. He probably put in a token appearance at his desk job, then went to do his secret work with Dulles.

His ideas were a bit farfetched, even in the glory days of Allen's brother, John Foster, and his famous brinkmanship theories. I asked Helms about this. He agreed to talk to me again.

"Actually, one of my boldest ideas was carried out," he said. "Unfortunately, it was a failure. I am referring to the Bay of Pigs invasion."

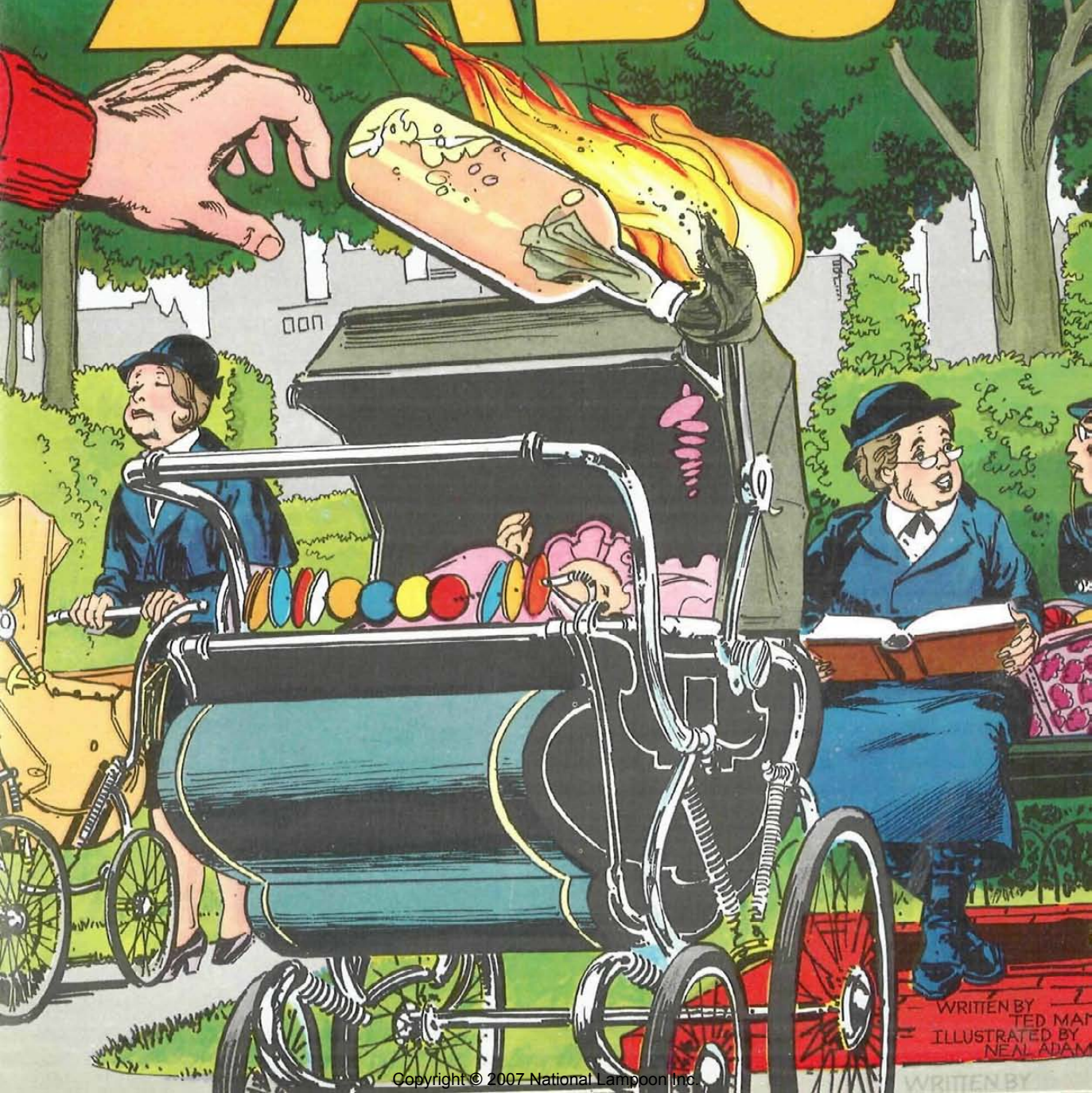
"I thought the Bay of Pigs invasion was conceived and planned by Dulles and Richard Bissell, his director of clandestine services," I said.

"Oh, yes," said Helms. "Bissell and Dulles were involved in the revised plan, the plan that called for a small invasion coordinated with an underground uprising from within the island. But my original idea was to launch a full-scale attack. Land, sea, air—division after division pouring in—dive bombers, paratroopers, naval bombardment. We would have crushed the Cubans in two days! If you have a tough nut to crush, you don't use a pin, you use a nutcracker. We tried to be too clever. We used pins."

Here was another side of Helms I never would have guessed at. The man was a firm believer in the Big Stick, might makes right and all that. If Freud told us once, he told us a thousand times—there are two sides to a coin. The ultra-cool Helms, out-

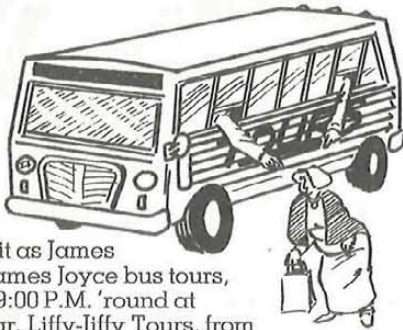
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A FEW BOLD LADS



WRITTEN BY
TED MAN
ILLUSTRATED BY
NEAL ADAM

IRISH market place

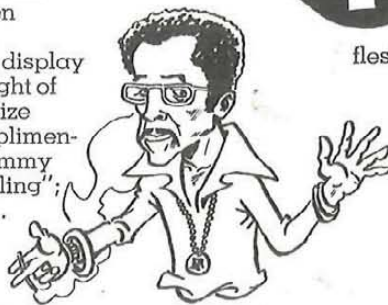


Bus Tours

When in Dublin, see it as James Joyce did. James Joyce bus tours, every day, 9:00 P.M. round at Grogan's bar. Liffy-Jiffy Tours, from the professional Irish.

Kitty O'Shea's Plastique Museum

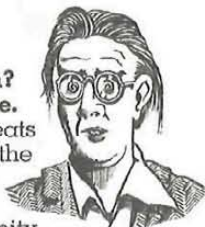
If rubber bullets, real bombs, and barbed wire are your idea of an Irish vacation, go to Belfast. But if you'd rather your violence were psychological, visit Kitty O'Shea's Plastique Museum and see: Three-room Kevin O'Brien Exhibit; shows O'Brien moments after Protestant bombing. Brendan Behan Room; mechanized display of the poet collapsing under the weight of consciousness. Hoist a jar with life-size Samuel Beckett figure, receive complimentary photo. See singing model of Sammy Davis do "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling"; shure it'll break your heart in two ... 10 Pence and AYE for AN EYEFUL! Kitty O'Shea's Drunk Monk Road, Dublin



Visiting Dublin?

Come to the Abbey Theatre.

See the ghost of W. B. Yeats appear nightly to acclaim the Abbey's production of the "Mikado." Don't miss this once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to hear and see a perfect characterization of Ireland's renowned poet-statesman.

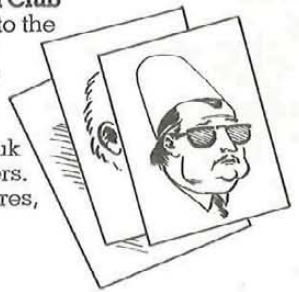


George Bernard Shaw Museum of Punctuation

See here the semicolons, colons, and other points of punctuation employed by the great George Bernard Shaw in his many works of literature. 142 Dumb Nuns Road, Ballocks, Dublin.

King Farouk Fan Club

Join today and offer respect to the man who commissioned Sean O'Casey to write a play on the opening of the Suez Canal. Despite the fact O'Casey never finished the play, Farouk remained a friend of Irish letters. Send fifty cents today for pictures, flags, and chunk of felafel.



Catholic Dating Service "Monsignor Mike's Reputable Escorts."



Alone of an evening? Of the true faith? Give Monsignor Mike's a call. Over fifty colleens to choose from, all decent, all respectable, with post-date confession service available at a slight extra charge. Holy water sports, mortification of the flesh, host-eating all available. If you didn't sin, our savior would be out of a job!

Bernadette Devlin Explodes into the Future with Dynamite Best Seller

Shouting Down the Devil, second volume of her autobiography, shure to sell, shure to please. Ideal for shut-ins, the blind, the brain-damaged. Inexpensive. Practically worthless. 20 p. Box 22, Fleeced Priest Road.



Monsignor Mike's Alternate Dating Service—Catholic Birth Control

Have a gay old time with the Irish fairies. Monsignor Mike will introduce you to rosy-cheeked altar boys and butch lads from Maynooth. Don't let your furrow go unploughed, absolution guaranteed. Ask for Tinkerbell, 69 Bent Elf Road, Dublin.

Dog Milking

No baby need go thirsty when there is a she-dog about. Milk dog or allow baby to nurse self; avoid needless exposure of breasts, danger of infection. Dogs available by arrangement Loony Monk Kennels; setters, woolly-sheepers, tankers, mutts. For export and domestic use. No. 10 Rabble Mews, Dublin.





SO WE STUFFS THE TOMMIE'S BODY IN THE DUMBWAITER, AND I SAYS TA TH' OL' WOMAN, YOU'LL BE CLOSIN' YER EYES TO THIS, MISSUS BROWN, OR THE I.R.A.'LL BE AFTER SHUTTIN' THEM INDEFINITELY."

PROPER TALK, INDEED.



IS THAT A SPOT OF BLOOD ON YOUR BOOTS, MIKE?

I WONDER WHAT THAT MAN'S PACKIN' ABOUT IN THAT BOX O' HIS? SHURE, IT'S BIG ENOUGH TO HOLD MOUNT KILLYMAAN-JAARO...



WOULD YOU BOYS BE WATCHIN' ME TRLINK FOR A MINUTE? I'LL GIVE YOU THIS POTATO...

NO NEED FOR DISPLAY AMONG FRIENDS.

AT THE I.R.A. FUNCTIONS WE ALL BRING OUR LUNCHEONS AND FLY KITES AND RIDE BIKES... THEN WE NAIL THE PROTS' DOGS TO THEIR DOORS



PROBABLY FULL O' DOUBLE MEANING BOOKS...



A COLOSSAL EXPLOSION FOR SHURE!

KABOOM

AN IRISH WASHERWOMAN LOOKS UP AT THE SOUND O' THE BLAST.

GLORY BE TO GOD, I HOPE THAT EXPLOSION'S NOT THE SOUND O' TH' BINGO HALL MAKIN' ITS WAY TO HEAVEN!



SAINTS ALIVE, IT'S THE BOMB SQUAD!

WALKER!

I SAY! SOME SPORT!

COR!

TREACLE!



BEGORRAH.

MOTHER O' GOD.



THEY DIDN'T EVEN SPARE THE MOTHER CHURCH.

OH, I HAVE A RINGING IN MY EARS SOMETHING FIERCE... THERE'S NOTHING LIKE GETTING BOMBED OF A SATURDAY MORNING.



GIVE US A JAR OF STOLIT THEN, MAN!

NO USE, I THINK HE'S BEEN BLOWN INTO THE STREET.

OW ARE WE SUPPOSED TO FIND THE BLEEDING BOMB IN THIS CLUTTER?

THAT NIGHT, A FEW BOLD LADS OF THE I.R.A. GOT TOGETHER.

A REAL BOGMAN ACT IT WAS. THEY BLEW A PAIR OF PRIESTS CLEAN AWAY.

THEY WEREN'T FIT FOR LION FOOD...

AND THE BARMAID HAD HER OVLIM SKEWERED ON A GREAT VAST SHARD OF GLASS.

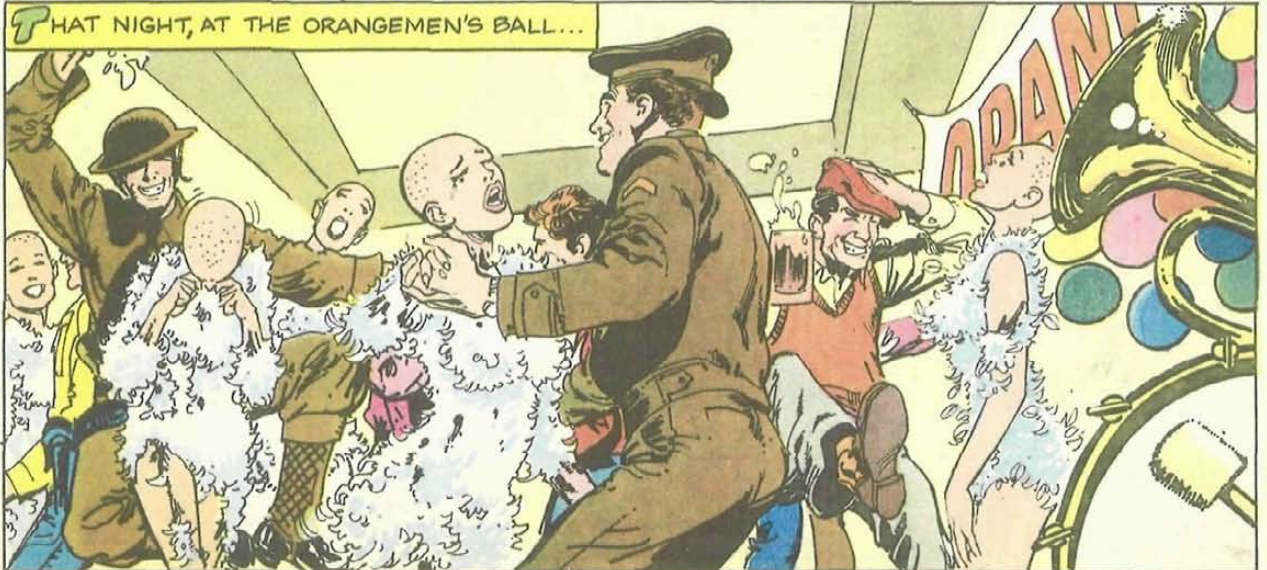


THE I.R.A. WAS AFTER MAKIN' PLANS FOR RETALIATION.

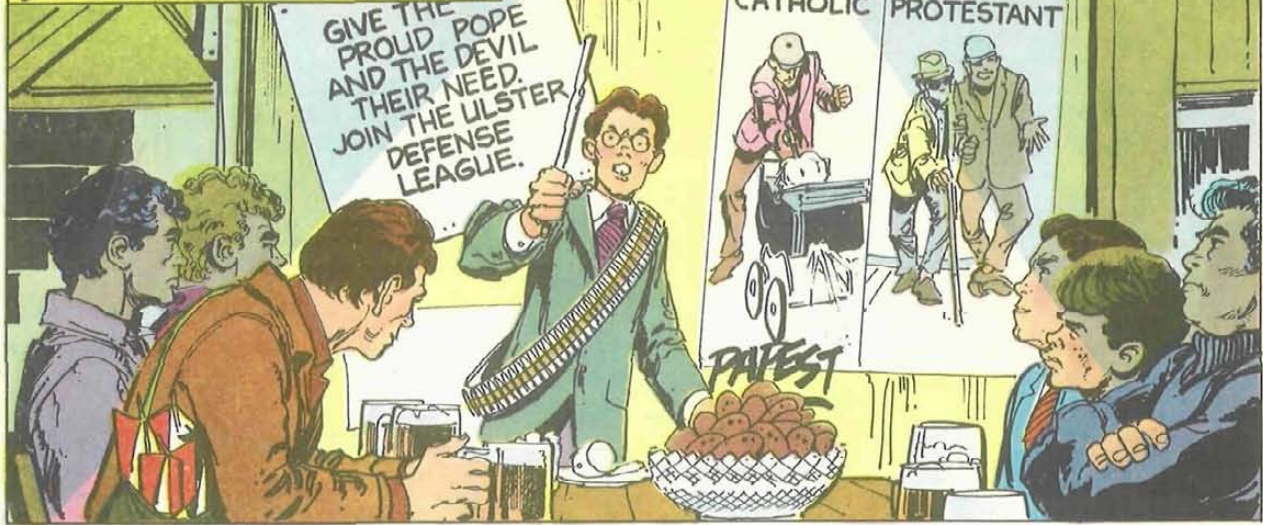
IN THE COUNTY TYRONE, IN THE TOWN OF DUNGANNON, NUMERUS DISTURBANCES MESELF HAD A HAND IN...



THAT NIGHT, AT THE ORANGEMEN'S BALL...



THE ORANGEMEN PLOTTED IN TURN...

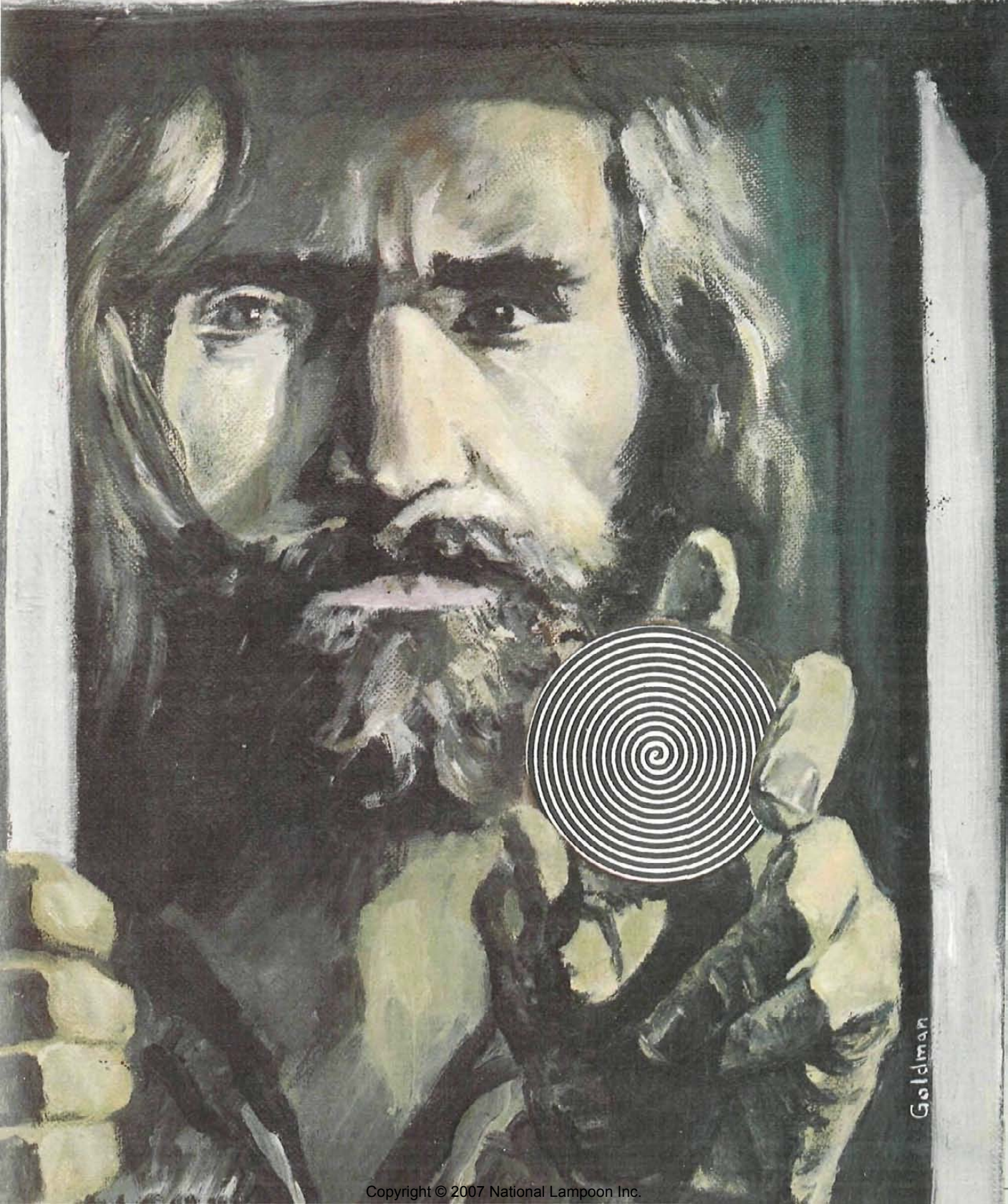


MEANWHILE, AT A CHAMPAGNE AND CHEESE AFFAIR IN LONDON...



Today's Family Wants to Join You

(We're not out of the redwoods yet.)



Goldman



Diplomatic Muscle

by Robert S. Wieder

Danziger, the Secret Service agent, felt like your old socks, and he was in a lousy mood. He was praying God would send him something to kill. Human would be nice. Please let some syphilitic Puerto Rican guerrilla loonie come over the Pennsylvania Avenue fence, there, with a garbage pail lid in his teeth, or a space-mad junkie anarchist with headphones and a Garand, whatever. Send me some meat.

It was late morning in the spring and the silver humidity presented the District of Columbia at its best—which was slimy—and Danziger had missed seven out of nine watching "Hollywood Squares" last night, and then was just smashed enough and prime to grease it to that little brown-haired number at Purdy's when he'd thrown up. Send anybody. He'd put a slug in the Pope.

He'd even been with Robert Kennedy in L.A.

Ooh, jeez; send Jane Fonda!

Danziger smirked. Danziger grunted. Danziger glanced upward. Danziger shit roofing nails.

What he saw was the bright, vague nebulosity of an energy cyst from the star system Ceres Omicron VII making a casual approach arc out of the haze and coming to rest, balloon-like, on the west lawn of the White House.

What he thought he was seeing was the Blessed Saviour, come in outrage at his homicidal thoughts to

kick his shorts in.

But then the energy cyst whirred, clicked, and made a noise like a Coca-Cola machine. It settled into the lawn with sudden heaviness. It ceased to glow, and solidified into sort of a pillbox and/or seamless lavender ingot.

A car aerial rose out of its flat upper surface.

It wasn't sixty feet from Danziger. This was no Blessed Jesus here. This was big action: the Russians; the Israelis; the Masons!

Danziger's asshole whistled with realization.

It was the answer to a prayer.

The sidearms issued to the Secret Service White House detail are Smith & Wesson 357 Combat Magnum Model 19s. A 110-grain load pushes a soft-point expanding slug out of these items with a muzzle velocity of 1,690 feet per second, or 1,153 mph. Such a slug will go through a Pontiac, laughing all the way. Danziger drew his piece and took aim at the lavender ingot; which wasn't difficult, it standing about seven feet high by fifteen feet across by nine feet deep.

Danziger gave it six rounds point blank.

He could have gone and shot at Mt. Lassen.

The little nub at the tip of the aerial on top of the ingot didn't move, but did emit an invisible pulse of impressively complex magnetism. The pulse encountered Danziger and

made all of his carbon atoms become silicon atoms.

The next Secret Service man on the scene was Fischer, who had just come up from the San Francisco office and was definitely a *comer*, only four years in the Service, and already working The Man. Fischer's father headed the AMA lobby.

Fischer had dropped the Ouzi submachine gun that almost blew Kissinger through the fusilage of Air Force Three over Kansas.

Fischer's father had a bigger liquor bill than Nevada.

Fischer was so fucking ripped on Afghani Primo right now that he couldn't piss and hit the ground. What the fuck was this shit? A big lavender jello mold? What was with Danziger? Light my crotch, they've turned Danziger into a big bookend!

Fischer moved to draw his service revolver, but an abrupt and more pressing instinct seized him suddenly. He pulled an Excedrin sample bottle out of his pants pocket. He drew a Bic pen casing out of his collar, made it a tube from the bottle to his nose, took two violent snurks.

It saved his life.

Within five minutes he was surrounded by the rest of the detail, and didn't have to make any decisions.

The S.S. White House Chief of Staff was eating his own balls.

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You can help feed Peter Knobler. or you can keep your stinking \$6.00!

The average dog in America eats better than the editor of CRAWDADDY.

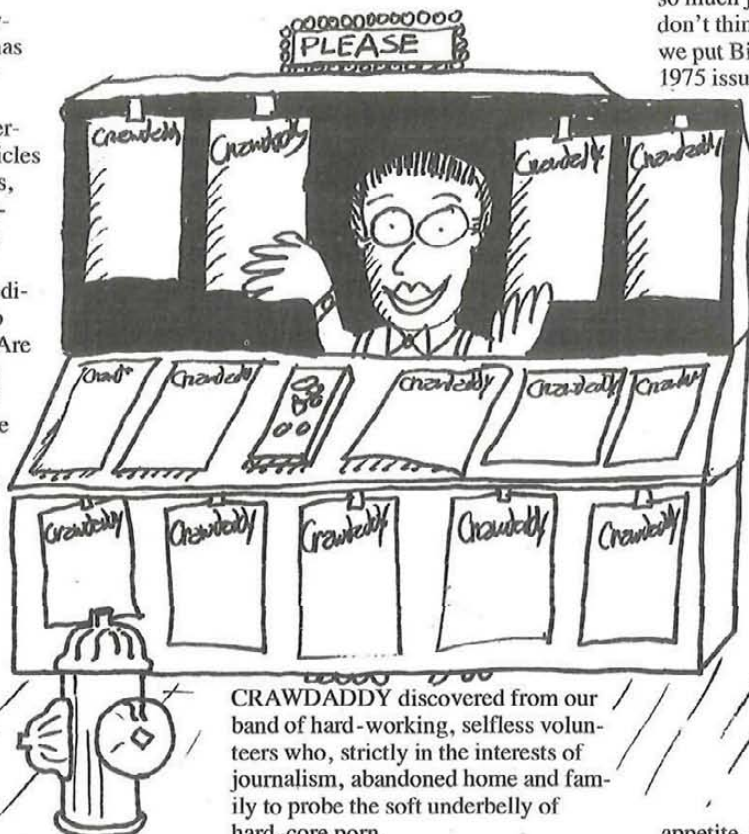
For ten years, America's oldest living rock magazine has been expending tremendous energies, publishing an uninterrupted stream of articles on rock music, news, sports, humor, malicious gossip, sleazy politics, and *music, music, music*. Our editor works for next to nothing. And you? Are you going to let this sainted man starve?

While you were sitting at home gorging yourself on Ring Dings and Devil Dogs, you could have been nourishing your intellect. This is what you could (and should) have relished in recent issues of CRAWDADDY. **The Whole Earth Conspiracy Catalogue.**

For God's sake keep your head down! CRAWDADDY hits the target with an explosive compendium of murder, mayhem, and ricochet romance. Included are "The brains behind the President," the ABC's of assassination, the Warren Omission, Big D in '63, plus a rare interview with Lee Harvey Oswald.

Dem Stones Gonna Rise Again. Did you know that Mick Jagger is old enough to wear your mommy's mascara? The Stones roll on, and CRAWDADDY rolls with them. Tracing their 1975 world tour back to the roots in Munich for a candid conversation with the world's oldest living supergroup. The winners, and still champion.

Skin Tight. "It's a sleazy world," mused a cameraman on the set of a California skin flick. And that's what



CRAWDADDY discovered from our band of hard-working, selfless volunteers who, strictly in the interests of journalism, abandoned home and family to probe the soft underbelly of hard-core porn.

The Naked Lunch Bunch.

Author William Burroughs tunes up his tape recorder, aims the mike at Jimmy Page, and forges ahead with a study in the heaviest metal: Led Zeppelin. Comparing the concert atmosphere with Hitler's triumphant rally at Munich, Burroughs redefines the god Pan, white and black magic, and the miraculous properties of something called infra-sound.

PS... There's also lots of good stuff on Jimmy Page.

Bill Walton and The FBI Go One-On-One.

What could an enormously powerful government superagency have against a \$2 million, weak-in-the-knee, vegetarian socialist who happens to play for the Portland Trail Blazers basketball team? "I think they are going to try to discredit me as an individual so that people will think that what I do is

so much jive," says Bill Walton. We don't think it's jive, and to prove it, we put Bill on the cover of our May, 1975 issue, to let America's newest

"alleged perpetrator" sound off on government harassment, sports activism, and the glories of granola.

Who is Bruce Springsteen and Why Are We Saying These Wonderful Things About Him?

Three years ago, CRAWDADDY was the first to discover and spotlight one of America's most talented, prolific and previously unheralded composer/guitarist/singers. Now, CRAWDADDY has been proved prophetic and presents the exclusive Springsteen interview.

Plus Many More Too Numerous to Mention

If these scandalous tidbits have sharpened your

appetite, fork over the six dollars, Jack, and get yourself a year's subscription to CRAWDADDY. That's right, for the price of six consecutive visits to McDonald's (minus change back from your dollar) CRAWDADDY lets you have it your way. Once a month. Twelve months a year. Which, at 50¢ an issue, is a pretty tasty offer.

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WHO Really Killed Vaudeville?

by Richard Helfer

With the startling revelation by the Brothers Shubert that Vaudeville was considering buying and razing the Metropolitan Opera House, the controversy over the deaths of Vaudeville and Burlesque has again erupted. Most of the United States has never seriously questioned the Disney report, which found that David Sarnoff acted alone and that only one pie was used. Now, however, with the Shuberts' story, private reports that Milton Berle believed that Vaudeville knew and approved of the secret demolition plans, and rumors that Jack Benny was planning to talk shortly before he died, there is a growing movement to force the Los Angeles police to open their freezer and allow inspection of the remains of the fatal pie to see if it matches the crust marks found in Sarnoff's pocket.

Who can forget that horrible moment after the fatal throw as Mrs. Vaudeville, pie stains on her pink suit, cried out, "I've always hated blueberry!" That it was, in fact, huckleberry does not diminish the poignance or the tragedy, but it does raise the question of how Sarnoff was able to

obtain such a dangerous fruit over the counter. Did he have help? Perhaps from an organization of "Downeasters"—a people known both for their love of the huckleberry and their hatred of comedy? And who is the mysterious "Sara Lee"?

This also raises a connection with Burlesque's slayer, David Susskind, known to have been an agent for AGMA, under whose shadowy jurisdiction is the Metropolitan. It has long been rumored that the "Opera," a world-wide organization of Italian origin, has been behind the series of theatrical assassinations that have plagued this country since classical actor John Wilkes Booth savagely seltzered Lincoln during the performance of a farce, but this may be only a small blackout in the long history of animosity between the groups, which started in 1610 when a member of the Commedia dell'Arte assassinated Henri IV of France with a rubber chicken. Whatever the final outcome of the current investigations, the situation seems summed up best in the painful, rueful words of Jerry Lewis—"That's entertainment."

continued

continued



Many a grandparent looks back with nostalgia on the simplicity and innocence of the assassinations of yesteryear. Here is Mayor Gaynor of New York—a true old-time favorite—as an attempt is made to permanently retire him from the stage of politics.



The following series of killings was turned into a popular television series. Millions saw this moment live on the old "Your Show of Shows."

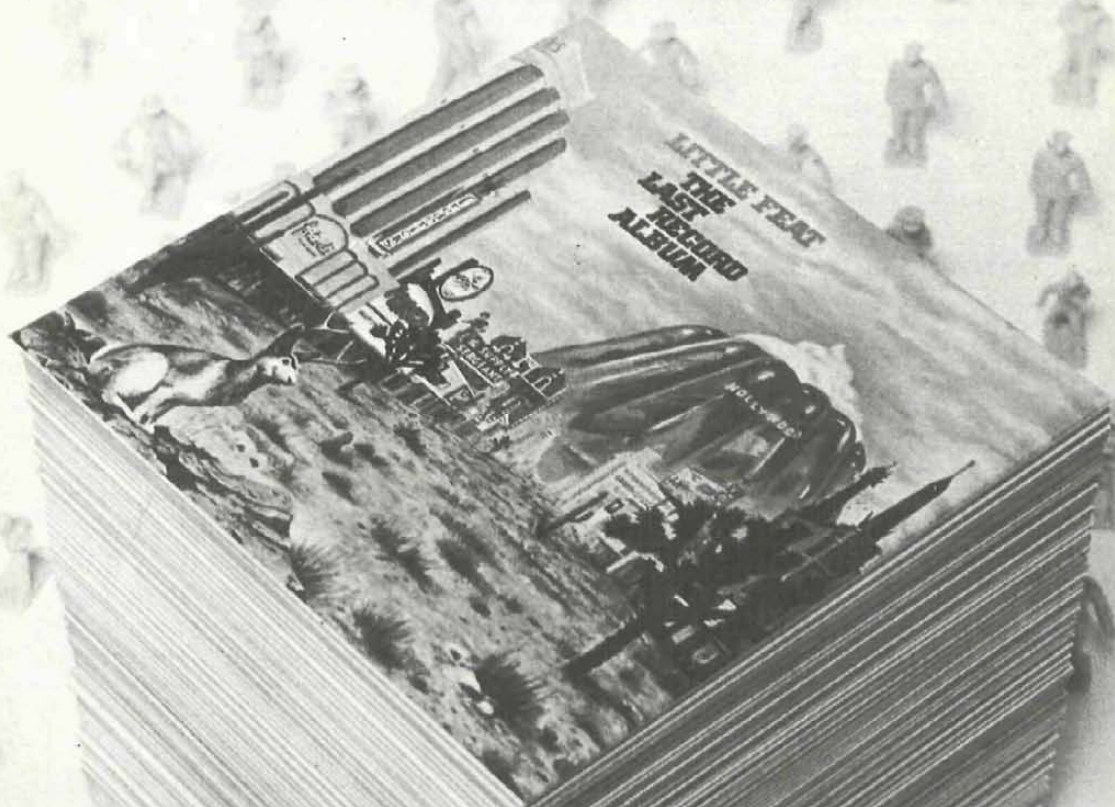


Abroad as well, the vendetta continues, the Japanese practice of tempura having been traced back to the eleventh century.

The famous super-8 film taken during Burlesque's assassination has been the subject of much controversy. Proponents of the conspiracy theory see in this blow-up of the shrubbery from frame 191 a light-haired man in a dark raincoat and a short black woman with an afro, both on roller skates, throwing pies—one custard and one meringue. The man is left-handed and possibly a fairy. □



Get It While It's Last.



Little Feat The Last Record Album

"the real name of this record is the first record album to let his paranoia ensue" -- Lowell George

On Warner Bros.  records and tapes.

WS 2004

FUNNY PAGES



SNUTS

REMEMBER THE DENTIST? OF COURSE YOU DO. HOW IN GOD'S NAME COULD ANYBODY FORGET THE DENTIST? WOULD THERE WERE SOME WAY TO FORGET THE DENTIST. BUT THERE ISN'T.

WHY DO THEY ALWAYS HAVE SUCH CRUMBY OLD MAGAZINES IN THESE PLACES? THE LEAST THEY COULD DO IS HAVE SOMETHING FUNNY SO YOU COULD HAVE A LAUGH.

YOU'RE NEXT!

COUNT YOUR HORSES
YOUR STOCKS
GOLF NEWS

WELL, NOW-LET'S SEE HOW MANY CAVITIES WE CAN FIND THIS TIME! SAY-MUST BE AT LEAST THREE OR FOUR GOOD-SIZED ONES, HERE!

GURGLE GURGLE

DOES IT HURT WHEN I DO THIS?

YES. JESUS!!

O.K.-DOES IT HURT HERE?

YES. SHIT!!!

GRIT!!!

PUNCH!!!

THAT'S FINE!

MUCH LATER...

WON'T BE LONG, NOW!

GURGLE GURGLE

SNGLH.

Quham Wilson

HERE'S YOUR APPOINTMENT WITH DOCTOR NEXT TUESDAY.

THANK YOU.

AT LEAST THEY'VE STOPPED GIVING ME THOSE DAMN BALLOONS!

SPECIAL OFFER TO NEW READERS OF THIS STRIP: IF YOU READ THE FIRST 3 PANELS, YOU GET THE LAST 3 AS A SPECIAL BONUS.

CHICKEN

BY ENO

to explain the whole situation - I would like to present the chief... THE **REAL... SANTA! CLAUS!**

how THRILLING... SANTA himself has come to address US, his humble representatives! LISTEN, you silly SHIMUCKS! One of you bruma seemed to forget our big CHRISTMAS CUTBACK!

It's one of my NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS... get more EXERCISE!

DING-A-LING SIDEWALK SANTAS INC.

MEN... I'm sorry to call you back after Christmas like this, but we have a little problem here!

YUP!

you were not supposed to promise any expensive FOOTBALLS, BICYCLES, WALKIE-TALKIES or CHOO-CHOO TRAINS! You were supposed to push "MARY TYLER MOORE SPIN-OFF" PAPER CUTOUT DOLLS and "LITTLE LINDA LOVEFACE" EXTRA-LONG ALL DAY SUCKERS!

BUT, I have a Complaint letter here... I don't like to get Complaint letters. It seems little PINGE wanted a CHOO-CHOO TRAIN... Instead I GILLIES gave her an authentic genuine "STREETS OF SAN FRANCISCO" plastic POLICE WHISTLE and the "SANTA" who promised the CHOO-CHOO was more other than CHICKEN CUTZ!

dam... I got a lark in my bag!

LATER ON

here you are, \$155.99... one train set and twenty feet of track and one tunnel!

Love fellas with beards.

Leck my balls with grapes of holly...

BLEACHED BIRD

THIS STRIP IS FOR: JOHN "OLEDMARGARINE" BUTTERFIELD, MARK "CARLY" COCORAN, JAMES "SHORT STUFF" GLENN, GEORGE "LOWER BOY" PILIGORAS, RICHIE "HOTCHK" SPOHN, TOM "KOOZ" KOWAL, DICKIE "LAPFA LOT" SIEBEL, AND AMY "ALLEY CAT" TUCKER. ALSO: JANET FROM BOSTON AND CAROL AND DANNA "DQ".

SUBTITLE COMICS! by ED SUBITZKY

K'TA' VELB OT TU SKINSKT VER-BOTTOMST! S'EN PHILLIPA!

"HI THERE! HOW ARE YOU? MY NAME IS PHILIPPE!"

L'TU OPO NU KTEL VXAR! S'EN SUZANNA!

"PLEASE TO MAKE YOUR ACQUAINTANCE! MY NAME IS SUZANNE!"

OOMA NORDC FL'IATAR DE POSUA MONOTX?

"WHY DON'T WE GO OVER TO MY PLACE?"

ZUTU NU BO COLOPSTRIN!

"SOUNDS LIKE FUN!"

NU P'ITO MO XU OMICOR NEDA EN TALU MI APU ORORUN?

HE WAYS, DO YOU BELIEVE IN PREMATURAL SEX?

ZU SUWUXU L'TI AVU NOMENZ ONT LUVWO!

"BELIEVE IN IT? I ADORA IT!"

OTU MU N'XI!

"WELL, HERE WE ARE!"

OLO U'BU NYXO LUBO OTRAM MINI OSCHOR?

"WHY DON'T YOU HAVE A SEVENTH MARTINI?"

NU TU MO XI!

"LET US NOW MAKE LOVE!"

TUPAR?

"READY?"

ZOMONT PUTH!

"AND HOW!"

XEET! XEET! MEEVB! MEEVB! XEET! XEET! XEET! VOOOOG! MEEVB! XEET! XEET! XEET! MEEVB! XEET! VOOOOG! XEET! XEET! XEET! MEEVB! XEET! VOOOOG! XEET! XEET! XEET! MEEVB! XEET! VOOOOG! XEET! XEET! XEET! MEEVB! XEET! VOOOOG!

"OOOH! OOOH! UHHH! EEE! OOO! UHHH! OOO! UHHH! OOOO! EEE! UHH! OOOO! AHHH! OOOO! UHHH! EEE! AHH! OOOO! UHHH! MUM! OOOH! AHHH! OOOO! UHHHHHH! AHH! AHHH! UHHH! OOOH! AHHHHH!"

PAGE END

Diplomatic Muscle

continued from page 71

"Nobody ever mentioned anything like this," he kept saying.

"You think it's hostile?" a lieutenant wanted to know.

"I think it's a PR thing," said somebody. "I bet they got the new Corvette under there or something. Those advertising sons of bitches. They'll try anything, since Haldeman."

"Nobody ever mentioned anything like this," said the Chief of Staff.

"Nobody ever mentioned anything like what?" Fischer laughed.

"Can the Army handle it, you think?" the lieutenant wondered.

"It probably is the Army," somebody else said.

The Chief of Staff's guts dropped out. His brain locked up like a set of seized brakes. Oh, Christ. Oh, Mother of Christ. It's *him* again. He's like a vampire. You can't kill the bastard. The Chief gave a strangling sound. It's Nixon.

* * *

The men in the first jeep carried a seventy mm. recoilless rifled. Calling this weapon a rifle is like calling the Titanic a rough crossing. It could eliminate a whole firehouse. It was

the best thing the Chief of Staff had seen since his wedding night. It was gleamingly new. The guys in the jeep looked like they couldn't wait to try it out.

* * *

"What is this, where's this goddamn 'thing,' who's in charge here?" snapped Colonel Boyle, who arrived shortly. You could introduce Colonel Boyle as Jack Elam and fool anybody. "Why the hell are you burning compost?"

"That's not compost, sir," said somebody. "That's the seventy mm. assault team and their jeep."

The Chief of Staff had a lot of important thoughts on the whole matter. He was over conveying them to a silvertip pine.

Boyle had made colonel by catching on quick and by giving the right head to the right wives. He held his tongue, now. He looked around.

The United States Army had been as swift, precise, and efficient as any military organization which has lost two consecutive wars without realizing it. Tanks and field artillery were deployed, machine guns and bazooka teams positioned, mortar and rockets zeroed in, communication lines

established, photographers poised.

Colonel Boyle made a face, shook his head. "Wonderful," he said.

"We've got a hotline to the cooler," said somebody holding a pushbutton field phone. The cooler was a stupefyingly electronic war room which was located so far below the White House that it didn't need artificial heating. The U.S. Security Council liked to go there during situations in which it looked everybody might get killed. "He wants you," said the guy holding the phone.

"I want a hundred-year perimeter around that son of a bitch," said Boyle to his field boy, Major Orst. "I like a good firelight as much as anybody, but why get pushy."

"Paul." Major Orst was pretty agitated. "The east wing's only eighty-eight yards away. We'll be giving them the Hoover Memoirs!"

"They asked for it," shrugged Boyle. "Which?" he asked the guy with the phone as he reached for it.

"I think McCarthy, but you can hear Bergen, too; they're pretty excited," said the guy.

This was Secret Service code. Bergen was the code name for the Vice-President of the United States.

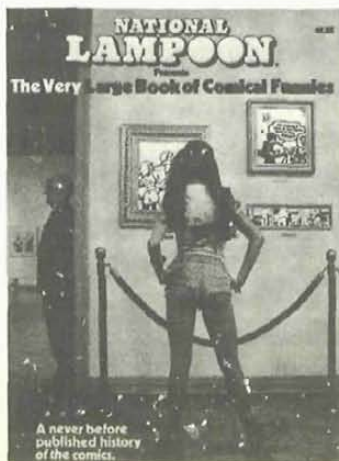
continued on page 92

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"WHAT HAPPENS WHEN 23-YEAR-OLD HOT-SHOT JOURNALIST PHIL GRUBB RETURNS TO HIGH SCHOOL FOR AN UNDERCOVER FEATURE STORY?"



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NEXT - BEYOND THE GLITTER.

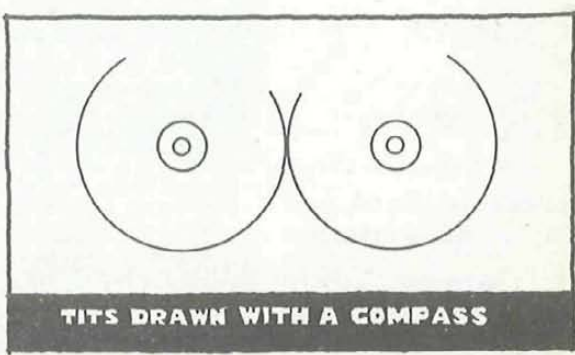


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NEXT: THE HONOR OF YOUR PRESENCE?

FAMOUS COMIC ARTISTS SCHOOL BY BRUCE COCHRAN

LESSON # 83
DRAWING TITS WITH A COMPASS
DRAWING TITS WITH A COMPASS, A LITTLE-KNOWN TRICK USED BY PETTY AND VARGAS, CAN SHORTEN YOUR WORKDAY. (WHICH REALLY PAYS OFF ON A MANY-TIT DAY.)



TITS DRAWN WITH A COMPASS
NOTE: THIS METHOD IS ALSO EFFECTIVE FOR DRAWING WHEELS, EYEBALLS, AND ASSHOLES.



Collector's Items

OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hiro the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, and 125th Street.

DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life... Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.

MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.

APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, Third Base, the Dating Newspaper, and Amos 'n' Andy.

MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon As Big As the Tatt.

JULY, 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, Sermonette, and Col. Jingo's Book of Big Ships.

AUGUST, 1972/THE MIRACLE OF DEMOCRACY: With True Politics magazine, The Coronation of King Dick, Gahan Wilson's Miracle of Seniority, and Tales of the South comics.

SEPTEMBER, 1972/BOREDOM: With The Wide World of Meat, Our White Heritage, Bland Hotel, the *I Chink*, *National Geographic* parody, and the President's Brother comic.

OCTOBER, 1972/REMEMBER THOSE FABULOUS SIXTIES? With Bob Dylan and Joan Baez in Zimmerman comics, Tom Wolfe in Watts, and a long-suppressed Rolling Stones album.

NOVEMBER, 1972/DECADENCE: With Sgt. Shriver's Bleeding Hearts Club Band, Defeat Day, the Meat Chess Set, the Fetish Supplement, and Adlai Stevenson in Remnants-of-Dignity Comics.

DECEMBER, 1972/EASTER: With Son-o'-God comics #2, Chris Miller's Gift of the Magi, Great Moments in Chess, Diplomatic Etiquette, and the Special Irish Supplement.

JANUARY, 1973/DEATH: With The Adventures of Deadman, Playdead magazine, Children's Suicide Letters to Santa, the Last-Aid Kit, plus Bobbie Fisher Shows You How to Beat Death.

MARCH, 1973/SWEETNESS AND LIGHT: With the National Inspirer, the Young Adorables, My Own Stamp Album, Pharmacopoeia, and Nice Things About Nixon.

APRIL, 1973/PREJUDICE: With Anti-Dutch Hate Literature, All in de Fambly, The Shame of the North, Profiles in Chopped Liver, Surprise Poster #4, and Ivory magazine.

MAY, 1973/FRAUD: With the Miracle Monopoly Cheating Kit, Borrow This Book, The Privileged Individual Income Tax Return, and Gahan Wilson's Curse of the Mandarin.

JUNE, 1973/VIOLENCE: With the seven Secret Japanese Techniques of Self Defense, Kit 'n Kaboodle Comics, Gun Lust Magazine, and Rodrigues' Hemophunnies.

JULY, 1973/SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY: With Popular Workbench, Techno-Tactics, Non-Polluting Power Sources, National Science Fair Projects, and the Jersey City Exposition of Progress, Industry & Freedom.

AUGUST, 1973/STRANGE BELIEFS: With Psychology Today parody, Son-o'-God Comics #3, Gahan Wilson's Strange Beliefs of Children, and Rubington's Fuzz Against Bunk.

SEPTEMBER, 1973/POSTWAR: With *Life* parody, Nazi Regalia for Gracious Living, White Dove comics, Vichy Supplement, *Guerre Magazine*, and Military Trading Cards.

OCTOBER, 1973/BANANA ISSUE. WHAT?: With Saga of the Frozen North, G. Gordon Liddy-Agent of C.R.E.E.P., Amtrak Model Train Catalog, Tales of Nozzlin High School, The Don Juan School of Sorcery, and B. Kliban's Turk.

NOVEMBER, 1973/SPORTS: With *Sports Illustrated* parody, Character Building Comics, Doc Feeny's Scrapbook of Sports Oddities, Specialty Sports Magazines, 1976 Olympic Preview, Al "Tantrum" O'Neil's Temper Tips, and Bat Day.

DECEMBER, 1973/SELF-INDULGENCE: With the *National Lampoon* Building, Our Sunday Comics, *Me Magazine*, An Anglo-Saxon Christmas, Practical Jokes for the Very Rich, How Ed Subitzky Spent His Summer, and *Poonbeet*.

MARCH, 1974/STUPID: With the Stupid Aptitude Test, Cancer Kare Cosmetics, The Stupid Group, and *Stupid News & World Report*.

APRIL, 1974/TRAVEL: With Gahan Wilson's Paranoid Abroad, Airline Magazine, Amiah in Space, RMS "Tyrannic" Brochure, 148 Countries You Can't Visit, and Welcome to Cheeseburg.

MAY, 1974/50th ANNIVERSARY: With Son-o'-God Meets Zimmerman, New Bulgemobiles, Da Vinci's Notebook Vol. II, Another True Western Romance, Rodrigues' Handicapped Sports, and National Anthems Encores.

JUNE, 1974/FOOD: With The Cooking of Provincial New Jersey, *Weighty Waddlers Magazine*, The Joys of Wife-Tasting, *Digester's Reader*, and A Brief Guide to America's Top New Eating Spots.

JULY, 1974/DESSERT: With *Famine Circle Magazine*, Gahan Wilson's Baby Food, Corporate Farmers' Almanac, Rodrigues' Gastronomique Comique, and *Guns and Sandwiches Magazine*.

AUGUST, 1974/ISOLATIONISM AND TOOTH CARE: With Agnew's A Very Sizable Advance, *Seed Magazine*, Executive Deleted, Soul Drinks, Surprise Poster #7, and True Menu.

SEPTEMBER, 1974/OLD AGE: With Unexciting Stories, Rodrigues' Senior Sex, *Old Ladies' Home Journal*, and Batfart Comics.

OCTOBER, 1974/PUBESCENCE: With VD Comics, Nancy Drew Meets Patty Hearst, Masturbation Funnies, and Tampon Period Piece.

NOVEMBER, 1974/CIVICS: With The Rockefeller Art Collection, Prison Farm, Constitutional Comics, and Watergate Down.

JANUARY, 1975/NO ISSUE: With *Negligent Mother Magazine*, Bruce McCall's Zeppelin, First High Comics, Watergate Trivia Test, and Night of the Iceless Capades.

FEBRUARY, 1975/LOVE AND ROMANCE: With *American Bride Magazine*, Going Down and Getting Off with Brando, Historia de Amor, An Evening at Dingleberries, and The St. Valentine's Day Massacre.

MARCH, 1975/GOOD-BYE TO ALL THAT: With Barbar and His Enemies, Gone With the Wind '75, Englandland, The '75 Nobels, The Hotel Throckmorton, and The New Yorker Parody.

APRIL, 1975/CAR SICKNESS: With *Warm Rod Magazine*, Henry Ford's Diary, Beep, the Bad Little Bus, The 1906 Bulge Buggies, The Tunnel Policemen's Ball, and Gahan Wilson's Shoes.

MAY, 1975/MEDICINE: With *National Sore*, Terminal Flatulence, Blue Cross in Peace and War, Rodrigues' Comedics, and Our Wonderful Bodies.

JUNE, 1975/RAINY DAY ISSUE: With *Boy O Boy Magazine*, Edward Gorey's The Worst Monster, Parlourbook, Orgygami, and Cloo.

JULY, 1975/3-D ENTERTAINMENT: With *Fagflag Mag*, The Vespers of 1610, Hollywood, Hooray, Mel Brooks Is God, Airport '69, and Glitter Bums.

AUGUST, 1975/JUSTICE: With the Rocketteller Attica Report, Code of Hammurabi, *Citizen's Arrest Magazine*, Inherit Their Wind, and World Night Court.

SEPTEMBER, 1975/BACK TO COLLEGE: With the Vassar Yearbook, Football Preview, Scholastic Scams, Academic Ploys, Wacky Stuff, Zany Monkeyshines, and the *Esquire* Parody.

OCTOBER, 1975/COLLECTOR'S ISSUE: With Pornography for the Dumb, Underwear for the Deal, *Myth and Legend Mirror*, the Mayo Clinic, and Cuban Homo Farm.

NOVEMBER, 1975/WORK: With Ferdinand the Bulldozer, The Kitchens of Sara Lee, Trail of Tiers, *Shirking*, and Hire the Handicapped.

DECEMBER, 1975/MONEY: With The Great Price War, *Entrepreneurs*, and a *Fortune* parody.

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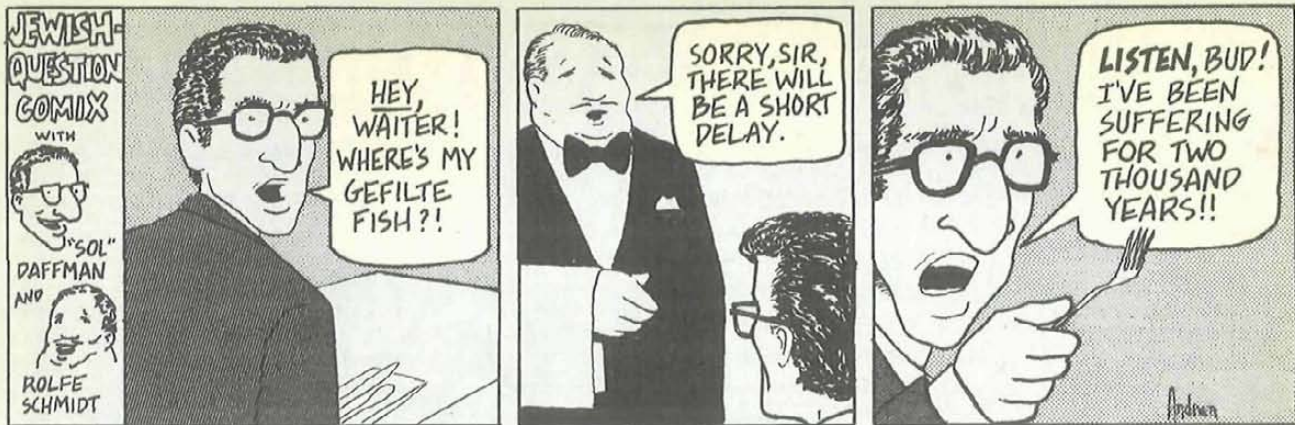
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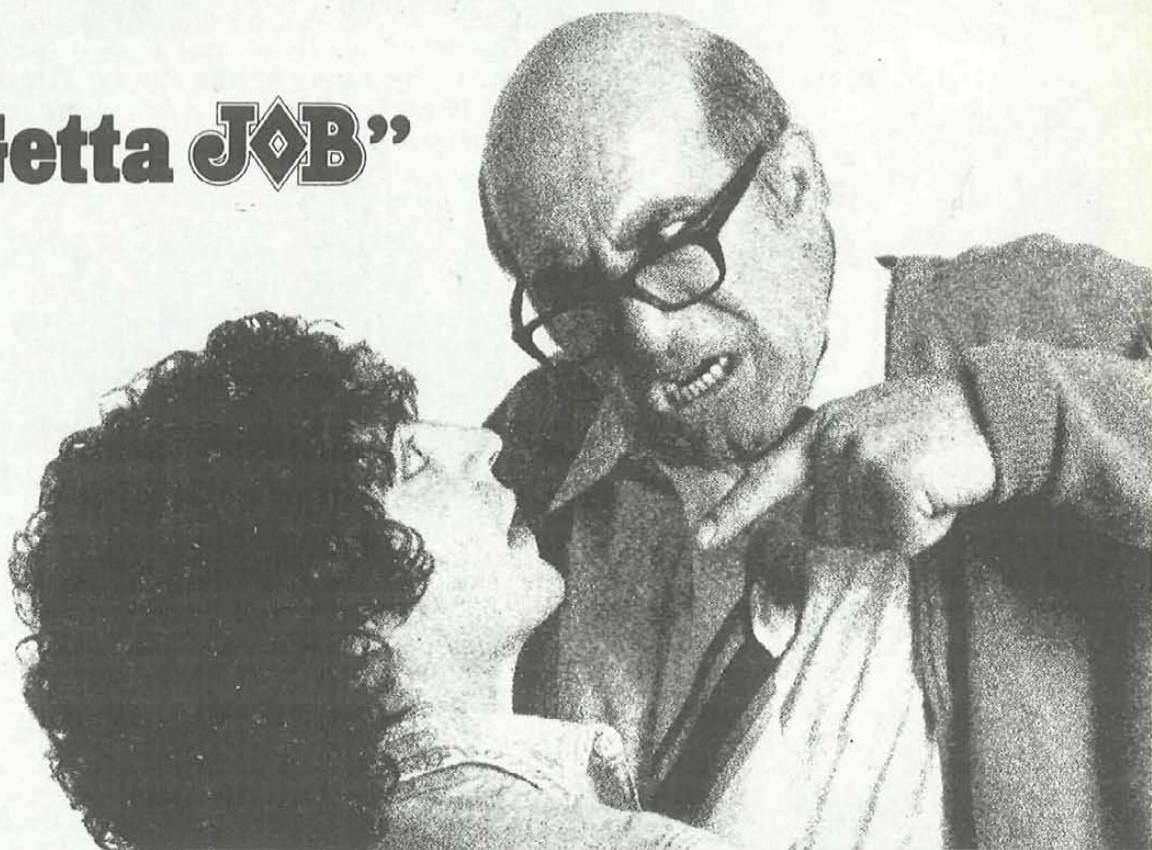


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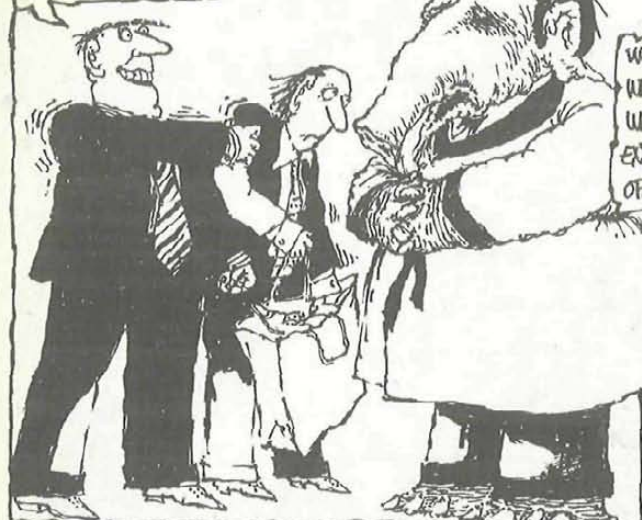
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 HOLY MACKEREL, ALEX, YOUR CAMERA! THE PICTURES WILL BE WORTH MILLIONS!

NO, NO, I'M NOT AN ELEPHANT AT ALL. I CONTRACTED A FILARIAL INFECTION THAT DEVELOPED INTO A SEVERE CASE OF ELEPHANTIASIS. AND FOR THAT REASON I'VE HAD TO LIVE IN HIDING.

GREAT Astonishment!
 OOOO... GREATER!
 I'M SORRY, NO PICTURES, AND NO MENTION OF MY CONDITION.



WELL, THEN WHAT DO YA WANT US FOR? ENTERTAINMENT OR SOMETHIN'?

YOU FELLOWS KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE AFFLICTED, AND I THOUGHT YOU'D HELP ME. ALL THOSE WILD STORIES AND RUMORS ABOUT ME ARE VERY UPSETTING. YOU SEE, I AM AN EXTREMELY SENSITIVE PACHYDERMA-VH, PERSON, I MEAN...



MR. HUGHES, YOU BEEN AROUND A LONG TIME- IT'S A TOUGH WORLD. YA' GOTTA BE THICK-SKINNED.

THICK-SKINNED? THICK-SKINNED? YOU TRYING TO BE FUNNY?

TAKE IT EASY, MR. HUGHES! FORGET I SAID THAT!

FORGET YOU SAID THAT? DON'T BE SILLY! I'M AN ELEPHANT!!! AND ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET! DO THEY, WISEASS?



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Couched in Secrecy

continued from page 62

wardly rational and objective, was actually more of a rabid militarist than the right-wing generals in the Pentagon. I had to compliment him on the remarkable cover he's built up over the years. One of the best. A CIA trademark. No wonder he's so upset right now, with his uncontrollable desires and nightmares. He's blowing his cover.

I reminded him of what happened after the Bay of Pigs fiasco. Allen Dulles and his architect of the invasion, Richard Bissell, were fired. And none other than Richard Helms replaced Bissell as director of clandestine services, with John McCone replacing Dulles as director of the CIA.

"So you finally came out of the closet, out of seclusion," I said.

"I don't know what you mean," said Helms.

"You succeeded Bissell as clandestine director, a very important job. You couldn't have been living on the farm as well as doing clandestine work. Unless you have a twin brother."

Suddenly his face and the left side of his body turned to aspic. He started to tremble violently. I had to give him a sedative. When he calmed down, I asked him if he wanted to talk. Obviously I said something that opened an old wound, a traumatic experience. He walked over to my couch and flopped down. This was the first time he used it. He normally preferred to talk to me face to face.

"It's starting to come back to me," said Helms. "I can tell you what really happened after the Bay of Pigs disaster. Of course, Allen was very upset. He had to take the full blame and John Kennedy had to fire him to save face. The first thing he did after he got the news was call and invite me to his country place. He needed a friend, someone to talk to. Understandably, he was a bit depressed.

"At the house, he proceeded to drink six bottles of wine—three Lafitte '27s and three Cheval Blanc '34s. He loved his wines. I was almost a teetotaler. I could sip one glass all night. It all tastes the same to me, Lafitte or Almaden. But Allen was determined to get dead drunk. It was the one time he dropped his cover. Allen Dulles, the first head of the CIA, the Grand Old Man, my colleague and friend, the man who was worshipped by every one in the company and was actually called the

"king," was getting as drunk as an Irish sailor on shore leave! I was terribly ashamed and hurt. He was such a fine looking man! He looked just like a college professor, with his tweed jackets and leather elbow patches, the wire rim glasses and the pipe. And now he was making a fool of himself.

"While in this drunken state, Allen called the White House on his secret hot line and got President Kennedy himself on the phone. In a thick, barely understood voice he asked JFK to send over Angie Dickinson immediately. I learned later that this Dickinson woman was an up-and-coming movie actress who frequently consorted with the President. The President replied that Miss Dickinson was not present, but could he send over someone else. He was trying to be sympathetic to Allen. Allen said yes, as a matter of fact, there is someone else you can send over. Send over Jackie. The President did not skip a beat. He said, line, no problem. Jackie has no plans for the weekend anyway and I'd love to get her away from here. You've got a fine stable up there, haven't you? Good. She loves to ride. I'll have my chopper fly her over in a half an hour.

"Mrs. Kennedy arrived alone—the picture of beauty and poise. She was delighted to be Allen's guest for the weekend. She was very fond of him and treated him like an adoring niece. Allen managed to pull himself together and we had dinner and more wine. After dinner Allen was feeling positively giddy. He brought out the usual brandies and cigars and such and giggled as he opened a plain white box and spilled out its contents. He said it was a combination of genuine Spanish aphrodisiac (not Spanish fly) and cocaine. It's the best and the brightest, said Allen—made exclusively for the CIA. We use it for extremely important spy work involving seduction and sexual stamina. He said he never tried it himself, but now was the perfect time. "Who's going to join me?" he asked. I declined politely. But Jackie was very excited. Her husband was always talking about this fantastic drug but never gave her any. Allen put on a record of excerpts from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*. The music was peculiarly thrilling to me. I was swept away by it. But Allen and Jackie were affected differently. Allen was drooling uncontrollably and Jackie had a big

wet spot in the area of her crotch. Suddenly he attacked her. Or, actually, they attacked each other. He took her on the sofa and had sexual intercourse with her twelve times. I counted each time. Jackie claimed that he gave her her first full vaginal orgasm, whatever that means. By the sixth one, she was totally in love with Allen. He applied himself to his task with the zeal of a religious fanatic, seemingly rising to greater and greater heights, judging by the ecstatic cries of Mrs. Kennedy. I was more concerned with the music, but I couldn't help watching this appalling, frightening sight. Finally, I could take it no longer, and denounced him for his heinous acts. He turned from Mrs. Kennedy, who was now asleep, and gave me a piercing, sober stare. "You've seen everything now," he said. "It's just the beginning of my revenge on John F. Kennedy. We're all going to be in this together."

"I had no idea what Allen meant. Obviously he was under great strain—taking most of the blame for the Bay of Pigs thing—getting fired, humiliated in the press. I could understand his need to unwind—even get drunk and have sex; but he really blew his cover with Mrs. Kennedy. It was very unlike my beloved professor, or 'Herr Doktor,' as I sometimes called him. Thankfully, he became his old self in a few days, because he called me and requested a meeting. He asked me to meet him in the ladies' room of a Hot Shoppe near Bethesda. He has something very important to tell me, and he knew for a fact that this bathroom was not bugged.

"Allen told me that my days of seclusion were over. It was time for me to take an active and open role in the company, and he was going to prepare me for it. He had big plans for me. He had a major assignment for me, a project that might take years to accomplish. There was no rush. He wanted it to be done absolutely right. Not like the Cuban fiasco. But before I could execute it I would have to have a high and powerful position in the company. I would have to be the CIA director of clandestine services.

"But the President has just appointed a new clandestine director to replace Bissell, Richard Helms," I said.

At this point in the story, I had to interrupt. I was getting a little confused. "But you *are* Richard Helms," I said.

Helms smiled. "Yes, I am Richard Helms. But in 1961, when I met Allen in the ladies' room of the Hot Shoppe, I was not Richard Helms."

"Then who were you?"

"I don't know. All that rehabilitation I went through after the war. It made my memory kind of fuzzy. I still don't know. All the fits and dreams I get right now...they must be part of some tremendous emotional upheaval I'm going through. But wait...I'm getting ahead of my story. As I was saying...back in 1961, in the ladies' room, Allen told me I would become clandestine director. What he meant was I would not replace Richard Helms, I would *become* Richard Helms.

"The memories are all coming back. I'll never forget it. He took my hands in his (he was sitting on the toilet seat lid) and told me that the CIA had perfected a new way to create a perfect copy of another person. They could make me into an exact copy of Richard Helms. I know, I know...it sounds like a science fiction story, but believe me, it's true. They do it all the time. They were going to change my face, my bone structure, my height, even my glands. They had new plastic surgery techniques, new hormones, even new ways to promote hair growth! And of course, they could change my mentality into a perfect copy of the Helms mind. Allen thought I would make a superb clandestine director, with my old political talents and the special abilities Helms had—his genius for political infighting in the company, his fine sense of public relations. And of course, Allen would be behind the scenes, advising me, helping me plan the operations, most importantly, the big one he had in mind.

"It took almost two years to do the complete transformation. It had to be done secretly, of course. Meanwhile, the real Helms was functioning quite well in his job, the second most important position in the company next to McCone. In the spring of 1963, I was ready. I had a few trial runs where the real Helms was 'detained,' and I slipped into his place for dinner with the family, golf with friends, meetings with colleagues, etc. I did fine. My rehearsals were over. The permanent switch was ready to be made. On April 2, Helms had an open date for lunch and decided to drive to his country club in Chevy Chase and dine alone. He never got there. Allen's men were hiding in the

back of his car. They forced him to drive to a secluded spot and they eliminated him. I was waiting. I simply took his possessions and drove to the club and had his lunch. The real Richard Helms disappeared from the face of the earth."


I had intimations about what Dulles's big plan was but I let Helms, or rather Helms II, as I now will call him, tell the rest of the story. It was getting rather intriguing. I was talking to a complete imposter who was literally a mirror image of the original. Another CIA trick of monstrous proportions that I wasn't sure I believed. I mean...how many other identities did this Helms II have if we dug further into his past?

"Where was I, doctor? Oh yes... the old Helms eliminated, the new Helms...me, that is...in his place. With Allen being very active in the background. In the summer of '63, Allen, Jackie, and I met in his country house. Allen announced that it was time for his big plan to begin. By the way, by this time Jackie was his mistress, virtually his love slave. She would do anything for him.

"The plan, as you might have

guessed by now, was to assassinate John F. Kennedy. As director of clandestine services, I was in the perfect position to develop and coordinate everything. There had to be a perfect cover plan, a decoy plan to throw everyone off. There also had to be dozens of theories evolving out of the decoy plan that would provide all sorts of motivations and possible suspects, all designed to divert attention from the real assassin. There were the angry Cubans, still smarting from the Bay of Pigs debacle. There were the angry right-wing military-industrial types who hated Kennedy. There were the right-wing southern interests (with Lyndon Johnson as their front man) who would have liked to see JFK eliminated. And of course, there were Communists and crackpots under every rock and cranny. It was my job to plant all these conspiratorial seeds, to develop dozens of leads for the investigative reports that would follow, and to create all sorts of mysterious actions and coincidences after the killing took place. Of course, I also had to find and develop the perfect front man, the public assassin who would act as the cover for the real

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assassin. This was where Oswald came in.

"The beauty of Allen's plan was the utter simplicity of it all underneath all those labyrinthine covers and conspiracies. The real assassin would be Jackie. She would be given a special CIA poison that worked like the tiny time pills in a Contac. She would put it in JFK's morning coffee and the poison would be timed to work at the exact moment Oswald would fire his gun. The poison would have an instant effect and would disappear in the body without a trace. All Jackie had to do was jump out of the car when she heard the shots. Oswald was our backup man, just in case the poison did not take full effect. (We tested it for months on 'volunteer' derelicts and it was perfect. But Dulles would take no chances.) Of course, Oswald was led to believe that he was the only assassin, that it was his baby all the way. Allen hinted to me later that there was another backup man involved, with another rifle. It didn't really matter as long as Oswald was up front and exposed. As you know, the plan worked perfectly. And the follow-ups worked even better—all the elaborate conspiracy theories and motivations that go on and on like a set of Chinese boxes. There's absolutely no way anyone can ever get at the truth, because it's all buried under thousands of crazy and half-crazy theories and examples of new evidence and whatever. Who do you think plants all this evidence and makes up all the new theories? We do. We even planted some of our own men on the street where JFK was shot to create the impression that we were somehow involved in it!

"And so, with JFK out of the way, Allen was free to guide me along, and by 1966 I was made director of the CIA—his protégé had gone right to the top. Everything was going along fine until Allen died in 1969. Without Allen, I seemed to have lost control of myself. He was my mentor, my mastermind. Without him, I had no anchor—I started getting the fits and nightmares. I started going crazy. Something deep in my past, something that could not die, seemed to be hounding me. As Richard Helms, I tried to light it off, but it didn't work. With your help, I began to remember who I was and what I did before I was Helms. But there must be more to it. There must be a reason for my madness!"

He screamed this last statement, a piercing shriek that sounded totally unlike his natural voice. The tics and trembles started again and he started shouting and screaming in a rhythmic, cadenced fashion. I couldn't make out any real words. He spoke in half nonsense, half guttural sounds with a slightly Germanic overtone. I had to give him a sedative and put him to sleep again.

My notes on Richard Helms II

Most of the pieces were falling into place, except for the last one. Why was Helms II cracking up? Emotional strain over leading a double, perhaps a triple life? Lots of CIA men lead double and triple lives, and it hardly affects them. He doesn't seem to have much guilt over his CIA activities. He operates under the umbrella of national security and genuine patriotism. A very strange case. I will take my own advice and begin at the beginning.

1. Helms II first met Allen Dulles in Switzerland in 1942 or so. The real Helms was in London, as Helms II said, an OSS man. Why would he be in Switzerland, visiting a clinic? I learned that the town was indeed called Klurn and the only doctor in the area was the legendary Doctor Niehans, the originator of the lamb gland youth rejuvenation treatments. Why did Helms II need the Niehans treatments?

2. Helms II described an extremely dangerous assignment where he had to be elaborately disguised and rescued. Dulles reminded him that whatever happened, he "would do the best [he] can."

3. Postwar years: years of rehabilitation from "war wounds"—secret treatments, rehabilitation. Years of seclusion. Helms II claims to have been Dulles's secret consultant and adviser—very influential on major American foreign policy decisions. Helms II becomes intensely patriotic, militaristic, aggressive.

4. He is transformed and becomes the tool of Dulles, carries out the assassination conspiracy (and probably others he's afraid to talk about).

Hunch: Allen Dulles was always known to be a confirmed Germanophile. The so-called dangerous OSS mission could have taken place in Germany. In Berlin to be exact. My guess is that Dulles engineered a daring rescue mission in Berlin in 1944. This explains the elaborate disguise, the removal of the subject's

teeth, the underground corridor, escaping through the bombs into a waiting plane, etc. etc. It had to be you-know-who. Dulles probably set up a perfect double for you-know-who, and got the real teeth planted into the double's mouth. When the remains of the body had to be identified, the teeth would be genuine and everyone would be satisfied. Switzerland? That was simply for youth treatments. The Niehans treatments did their job. He would now be about eighty-six, but he looks about sixty.

If we accept this hunch, everything else falls into place. The elaborate rehabilitation-brainwashing-surgery program. The role as secret foreign policy adviser, the intense patriotism and anti-Communism and militaristic bent.

The dreams, the strange behavior.

1. The dream where he was trapped in a large house that was set on fire. The Reichstag Fire of 1933?
2. Being overrun by geese. Goose-stepping soldiers?
3. Sitting on a zeppelin and stabbing it. The Hindenburg? Stabbing the old general in the back in his rise to power?
4. Walking dogs in a mountain village. Berchtesgaden? Tiny airplanes coming out of cuckoo clocks, strafing in Luftwaffe style?
5. Other signs: sadomasochism—hot lentil soup down his back, bananas dipped in ketchup (blood), women with penises (dominant mother)—overpowering love for Wagner—confirmed vegetarian—penchant for young blond girls who love their country—last, but not least, his shrieking, guttural Germanic outpouring before I put him to sleep.

Helms II saw me again the following day, and I was ready for him. He listened politely as I explained my theory, but he wasn't convinced. In fact, he was incredulous. As he countered my ideas, I put on a tape recording of a Nazi rally made in 1939 with our subject as the star orator. Suddenly, Helms II sat up and listened carefully. The voice on the tape seemed to burrow into his head like a hand operated drill. The familiar shriek, the building of excitement, the simple, rhythmic style as the audience is carefully manipulated and hypnotized into action. I played the tape over and over (it was looped). Finally, he fell back and screamed the deepest,

loudest, most primal scream I ever heard. He now knew who he really was.

Everything was coming back to him. At first, he cried and moaned. Then he turned and cursed me, calling me every vile anti-Semitic name in the book. He threatened to have me eliminated (he could have done this easily). I was surprisingly cool. I told him that a psychiatrist never violates the confidences of his patients (I lied, of course). He was greatly relieved to hear this. This would be our little secret, he said. There was no point in raking up old coals. The past should be forgotten. He was now very good at his job. He was serving the country he loved with all his strength and talents. Why blow such a perfect cover? He dried his tear-soaked face, winked, and said, "So I had a few bad years...nobody's perfect."

As he left my office, he added, "Besides, how do you know I wasn't a CIA agent, even way back then?"

William Colby

Code Name: Brillo

Period of treatment: 1974-1975

William Colby first came to me after the Watergate business, when he succeeded Richard Helms as director of the CIA. He already had a long and successful career, especially in Laos and Vietnam, where he specialized in counter-terror tactics—subversion, interrogation, and assassination. As head of the famous Operation Phoenix, he was

continued on page 101

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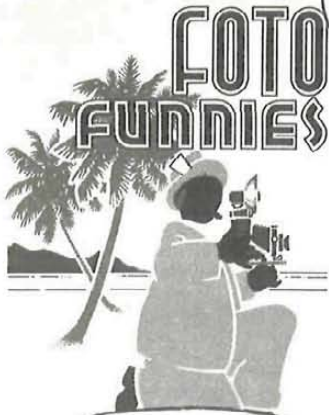
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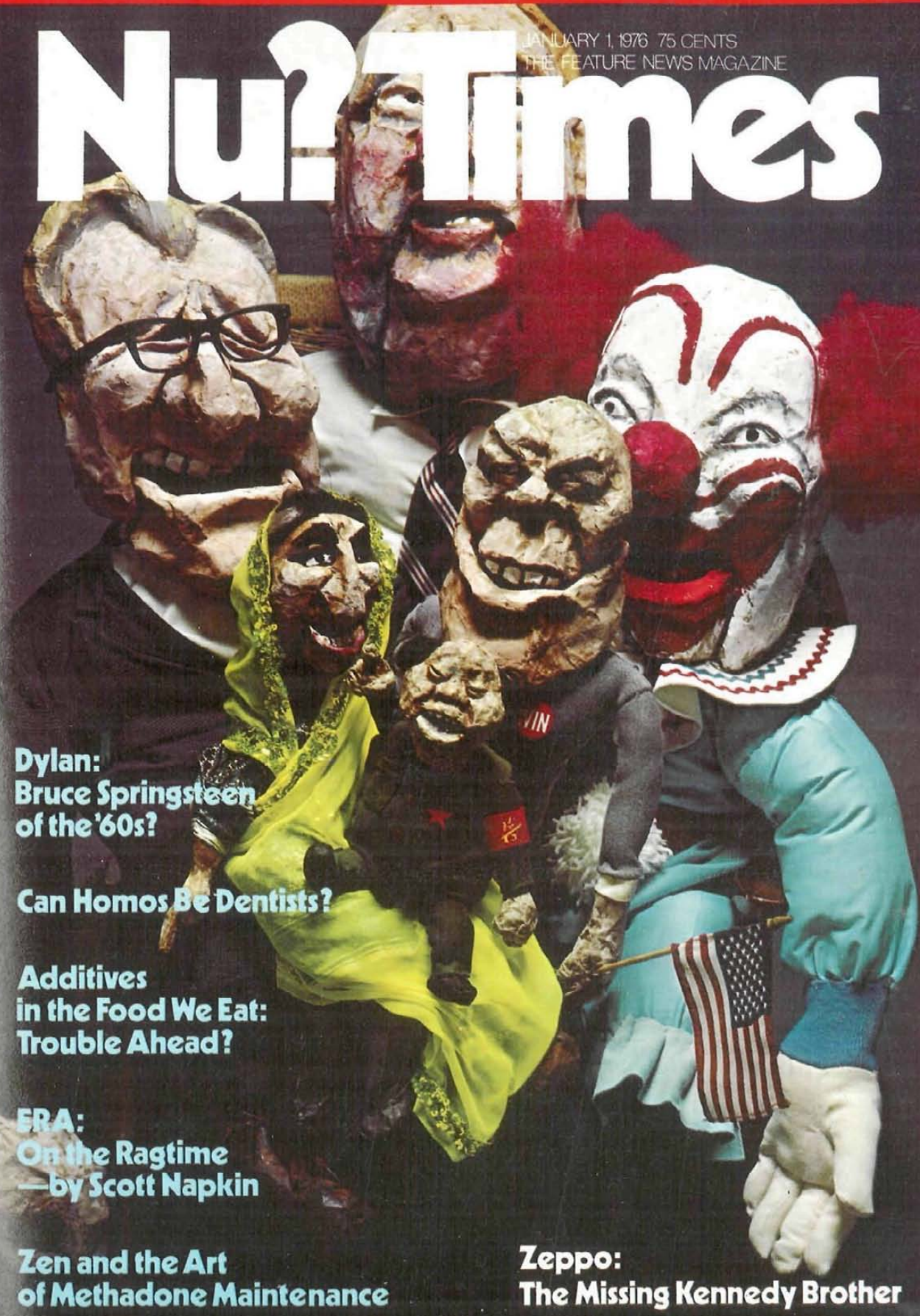
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Diplomatic Muscle

continued from page 79

McCarthy was the code name for the Secretary of State.

The President was *Snerd*.

Boyle got the phone and started talking into it.

"Hughes designed the thing," the Chief of Staff was telling his tree, "and Abplanalp's going to market it."

* * *

"I don't get it," said the President of the United States.

He was speaking to the conference table at large, which included about half the cabinet, the Speaker of the House, various majority and minority leaders, several lobbyists, the Joint Chiefs of Staff, a few military attachés, a couple of bankers, some presidential aides, and a masseur. Nobody was listening.

"Well, then, what the hell is it?" the Vice-President was asking the Secretary of Defense.

"Look," said Defense, "you rush me, you're not gonna get anything."

"Well, *what*, for Chrissake?" snapped the Vice-President.

"Well, in considering the Soviet Union —"

"Horseshit, Stinky," said the V.P. "If Redland was breaking a product like this, I'd have 15 percent and territory."

"The Chinese?"

"Nuts. Much bigger than the Peril. Better packaging, too."

"Jesus," said Defense. "McDonalds?"

"It doesn't make sense," said the President.

"Get him his duck," said the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs.

The Secretary of State cleared his throat copiously. He was thinking how nice the Secretary of Defense's balls were going to look up on his den wall. This was, he reflected, one of those suspended moments in history when a man with guts and something on his shoulders besides a doorstop could end up with the world on his roach clip. He addressed the table.

"Our advanced alien contact R and D team, Project Zarkhov, has a speculative report in," he said leisurely. "As nearly as can be determined at this time, we are confronted with a UFO guided by and possibly containing life-forms of an alien intelligence of a highly accelerated capacity, from an unknown alternate solar system. The object itself is a vehicle, with lethal defense capacity and possibly military but primarily transporta-

tional, apparently traveling on bands of high-intensity magnetic energy. We indicate a continuous strobeflike polarity reversal enclosing the object. Our guess is that the controlling intelligence can effect total conversion from energy to matter and vice versa. These, of course, are abstractions."

"For not cooking this prick, Hitler deserved it," the Secretary of Agriculture whispered to the Attorney General.

"I wouldn't turn my back on piggy in a roomful of nuns," replied the A.G.

"Are we going to have lunch down here, or go up?" said the President.

"Where's his paints?" said a general crossly. "Give the dipshit a crayon, will you?"

"Let's get to net figures," said the Vice-President. He had a voice you could scale fish with. He brought his hands into himself like a man with a spade flush. "Technologically, we have to give them an edge. But how big an edge? How long for our outfit to make parity?"

The Secretary of State blew his nose.

"Right!" said the President.

"Who unlocked his office?" asked a British major.

"Turn off his pacemaker," said the Secretary of Labor.

State snapped his fingers, and the chief science adviser stepped forward. He was frowsy and shrimpy. He could have signed Woody Allen's checks anywhere. "Mister President," he said, "research isn't predictable. Otherwise, it wouldn't be necessary. It follows no timetable. Madame Curie cut three decades off atomic research by accident, whereas we fooled around trying to turn lead into gold for centuries."

"Who is this, Mr. Wizard?" the House Speaker asked the Majority Leader.

"Cut the classroom shit, Jocko," said the Vice-President. "What's our counter-thrust potential?"

The chief science adviser sighed. "Let's say every relevant research project we now have in the oven came to fruition in a week. It still wouldn't be a horse race." He hacked croupily into his fist. "No contest," he shrugged.

"Take some honey lemon for that," said the President.

"We can't make his life story since William Bendix died," said the Postmaster General.

"His campaign slogan for seventy-

six is *b'deah b'deah*," said the Marine Commandant.

"Cut it out," the Vice-President told them. He had a voice like a band saw going through a duck. "Dingy," he addressed the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, "what do your people calculate as our chances in an all-out scrap? Facts and figures. How do we stand, planetary-conflict wise?"

"Facts and figures, Rock?" smiled the Chairman. He pantomimed pulling his penis out of his pants. He pantomimed cutting it off with hedge shears.

There was a considerable silence.

The President leaned forward urgently. "Sounds like!" he yanked at his earlobe.

"It moves and talks," said the NRA lobbyist.

"Sell it," said the chairman of the Chemical Bank.

The Vice-President was looking at the Secretary of State the way you look at your tax accountant. "Well?" he said.

"In a no-win situation," the Secretary of State sat back with a small smile, "we are left at a binary option point. Cooperation or resistance. Insofar as resistance is prelude to confrontation, it is inadvisable. It is a mathematical simplicity." He folded his arms. He felt terrific. He'd pulled the world's dick off the tracks more than often enough. Let the teeming multitudes tough it out on their own, for a change. He was going for the Big Score.

"So what's our first step?" the Vice-President asked. "How do we market vulnerability?"

"We could give them a deal on wheat," said the President.

"Set fire to him," said the senator from Utah.

"We begin with concession," said State. "We offer them ease and economy of operation, rather than difficulty and waste. We give them something, rather than inconveniencing them to take it." He leaned forward amiably. He was only going to give those space cadets the world's ass on a spit. Up humanity's.

"So what do we give them?" asked the V.P.

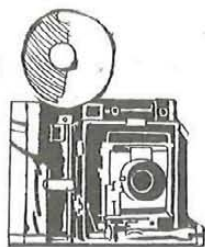
The Secretary of State looked exactly at him. "We give them," he said, "anything they want." He repeated it around the table. "Anything they want. As the outcome of any conflict is preordained, our only recourse is alliance."

continued on page 96



The Conspiring Photographer

by Dean Latimer



Q: Where were you on November 22, 1963, when you learned President Kennedy had been shot?



Fidel Castro, Havana, Cuba:

Oh, I don't like to think back on that terrible week. It was a Thursday he's dead on, no? I'm in hospital when the news comes that day, my cousin Rosalba who's hostess in the Pink Pussy Lounge in Dallas, she's call long distance to tell me. Now me, I'm laid up a few days just then, because my new cobbler, on Tuesday there he's give me a brand new pair stack heels; and Wednesday when I'm stamp to attention at parade review they're go *bam! bam!* Damn near blew my ass off, man. And then Thursday they're go nail poor John. A terrible week for all the Americas.



Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis, Florence, Italy:

I was right next to him in the car, for heaven's sake! All of a sudden he pitched over forward, and then he jerked back, and then in the front seat Connally jumped a foot, and by Jesus I

went right over the rear end of the limousine. I'd still be running, it if hadn't been for Rufus Youngblood pushing me back in. He, by the way, was white.



Howard Hughes, Las Vegas, Nev.:

No, I wasn't in any Pink Pussy Lounge. I was right here at my desk, looking after my affairs. It's not particularly romantic, but you'll notice it's *him* who got killed.



Paul Krassner, Berkeley, Calif.:

Listen. I know it sounds weird, but I'm beginning to really think he wasn't shot on November 22 at all. I know they want us to think it was the twenty-second, they're really very, very, very specific on that one point. It all seems to hinge on the date. But I was in an Italian bakery on Carmine Street when I heard about it, and I remember thinking days beforehand that something had to be in the air, because that's

why I went *there* for the pasta, instead of Bleecker as usual, where it smelled weird, or maybe there was a sale that day...Hey, let me check my notes and I'll call back. What sign is your phone?



Patty Hearst, Redwood City, Calif.:

I remember it plain as day. It was right after lunch, and we were lined up in the cafeteria to go back to class when the P.A. system came on and the principal himself said school would be closed for the rest of the week because President Kennedy was dead. I didn't know what it meant. I was sorry he was dead, but glad to get a vacation. That night, though...I dunno, I just cried and cried.



E. Howard Hunt, Orlando, Fla.:

It was one of those corpse-gray November mornings that make Washington look like something they dragged out of a river with hooks. My stakeout

bench in the park across from the Chilean Embassy was raising welts on my rear end. I'd been there so long. Suddenly beautiful Rosalba, in a brief leathery outfit that rustled over the abundant *café-au-lait* flesh beneath it like the fingers of a dazzled teenager, set a tall, gleaming Pink Pussy Rum Carioca in front of me and whispered under the grueling bossa nova beat: "It's on the house, Eduardo. Compliments of Madam Ruby."

I pretended not to notice anything awry, although my armpits were eddying down suddenly over my short ribs. In Moscow, you're being watched every living second....



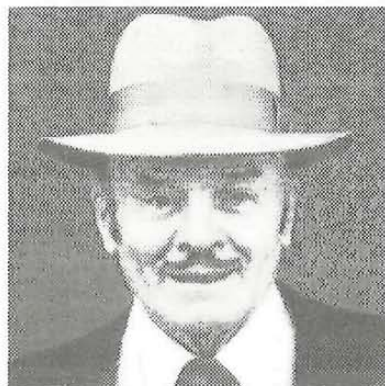
Marilyn Monroe, Forest Lawn, Calif.: That's one thing you can't blame me for, you lying bastards, I was dead. I'd been dead for a year. If you want to go pointing fingers, where was that punk Bobby when it happened? I suppose he's dead by now too, huh?



Richard Helms, Teheran, Iran:

Well, senator, it's hard to remember back to that exact point in time, but if my memory's correct, I was on vacation in Nome, Alaska. I think, oh yes, I heard about it over the radio in a duck blind. As I recall, I was just witnessing an affidavit from my Eskimo guide that I had been in the blind a good two hours. No sir; I don't recall a Pink Pussy Lounge anywhere near that duck blind....

Q: Why do you want to shoot President Ford?



Jeff Davis Cunningham, Tucker, Ala.: I'm happy you asked, sir. The reason is perfectly pragmatic: I desire, simply enough, to be president myself. I have, and you can quote this, an undisclosed number of persons around this great land who only await the signal from my right hand to rise up and fall solidly behind me in my surge to power. We are unanimous and confident on this point: I will, and therefore must, be president. Simple as that.



Selena Hushpuppy, Boulder, Colo.:

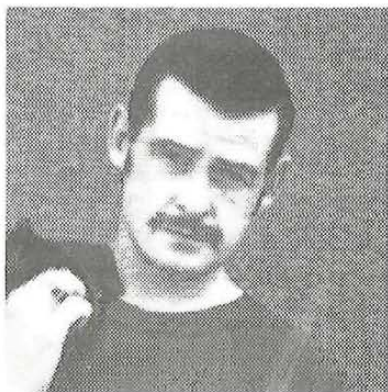
Isn't it pretty peculiar that there are six people in Gerald Ford's family? And how many terms did he serve as senator? That's right, six. And how old is he? Sixty! That gives 6660, the Mark of the Beast of Revelations plus a zero, the only number invented by the Hindus, being the very signature of the Antichrist, or Nero returned to Earth in the Last Days. Ephesians 17:19, look it up. Don't you think it's just a little bit coincidental that all these things should happen on this planet just as Edgar Cayce predicted sixty years ago? Listen, the Reverend Moon

and Guru Maharaj-ji have both come to me in dreams, and it's my job to bring on the Armageddon, and mine alone, by slaying the Beast on the Final Day. When's that?



Darryl Brennan, Muncie, Ind.:

It's not him so much, it's the woman. She just a fucking slut, that's all. Can you imagine that titless old whore befouling the same bed Bess Truman and Mamie Eisenhower slept in? It's an affront to God. Did you hear the filth she's always spouting? I can't believe she eats with that mouth. America doesn't need some nigger-loving ex-chorus hooker preaching free love and abortion in the White House, and I for one won't stand for it. I'll blow them both to fucking hell and gone, I don't care if I do go to jail for it.



F. Lawrence Morely, Alexandria, Va.:

The first thing you learn in this business is not to ask questions. You do what you're told, whether you like it or not. When you start asking why, you lose your effectiveness immediately, and then you're no good for anybody, not even yourself.

Diplomatic Muscle

continued from page 92

"Ist das nicht der ballsy Kraut?" said the Minority Leader.

"Jah das ist der ballsy Kraut," said the masseur.

The Vice-President mulled it over. "If you can't lick 'em," he mused, "suck 'em?"

* * *

The Secretary of State walked like a man who's just discovered that his shit was emeralds. He was the only human being on earth who knew, understood, and could make simultaneous sense of the state policies and principles of the Americans and the Vietnamese, the Arabs and the Jews, the Russians and the Chinese, the British and the French. He would effectively be the Ambassador of Earth to these intergalactic schmucks. More than that, as far as these bozos were concerned, he would be, negotiation-wise, The Man, Mister Earth, the spokesman-in-fact and thus practical leader of the peoples of the world.

Give the bastards Australia, he was thinking. Give them Iran, give them California, give them the Sony Company, give them the Celtics, Jackie Kennedy, gum, parking. Give them

anything they fucking want.

And you'll get it back in spades.

They moved out through the James K. Polk French doors and across the Schuyler Colfax patio to where a small group of edgy brass huddled.

Soldiers, scattered around the White House grounds like the cast of *The Green Berets* between takes, stood and talked in small, aimless clusters; the aroma of Colombo bango curled from behind sandbags; a handful of Spec Fives were pitching pennies against the Robert Taft retaining wall. Somebody inside one of the tanks was laughing like hell. It was noon, bright, warm, comfortable; unless you were supposed to be in charge.

"Mr. President!" Major Orst's eyes were something from an aquarium. "It isn't safe for you out here!"

"It isn't safe for him in the shower," said the Attorney General.

"If you gentlemen would please remain here," State turned, halted them with a hand. "I believe the concept of *threat* to be universal, and universally associated with quantitative size. Therefore, I would recommend a clearly *partial* gesture — one element of the group approaching singly, in a *representative* manner. As we are here to negotiate, I must

logically suggest that I, myself, be —"

"Go on, then, for Chrissake, before they decide we're a curious herd of game," said the Vice-President.

"Hold his coat, will you, Hunk?"

"Right." The President took State's overcoat.

"Good luck," the President told State, gripping his arm emotionally and adding, with a wink, "I've always said I'd rather have you in my corner than theirs, but I'd rather have you in their pants than mine," and shoved him slightly toward the energy cyst.

"I get his autographed Mao picture," said the Secretary of the Interior.

"Dibs on his rubber suits," said the CIA director.

The Secretary of State came to a halt when he was twenty yards from the energy cyst. He felt like a million bucks. He was going to make Nero look like Jackie Gleason. He was going to get himself in tighter than Jesus, and he was feeling chipper. Give the fuckers anything they want.

He had a battery-powered bullhorn in his hand, and he brought it up to his mouth and flicked its switch with his thumb.

"Attention in the craft. We are sentient, peaceful, socially organized beings. I am a civilian representative of my people and their government. I wish to communicate with you. Will you respond? We want only to cooperate."

The energy cyst gave a hum, then a clank, then a sort of caw, and then the saline crackle of electronically amplified sound.

"Well, why didn't you say so."

A four-by-seven section of the cyst dematerialized, and out of it came three slender, youthful male humanoids in bright, kaleidoscopic silks. They drifted via self-levitation to the ground.

They had pouting, narrow faces, pale as whey; hands fluttered around the delicate features. They had curly blond hair. Their eyes were deep blue and they had teeth you could go snow blind from. They halted, their gazes fixed on the Secretary of State. The tallest of the three gasped, spoke to the others.

"Oh, Marri, he's just darling!"

The smallest one clapped his hands.

"He's beautiful, you bitches, and he's mine."

And with hungry moves, and gay as goddamn fawns, they pranced forward to begin negotiations. □

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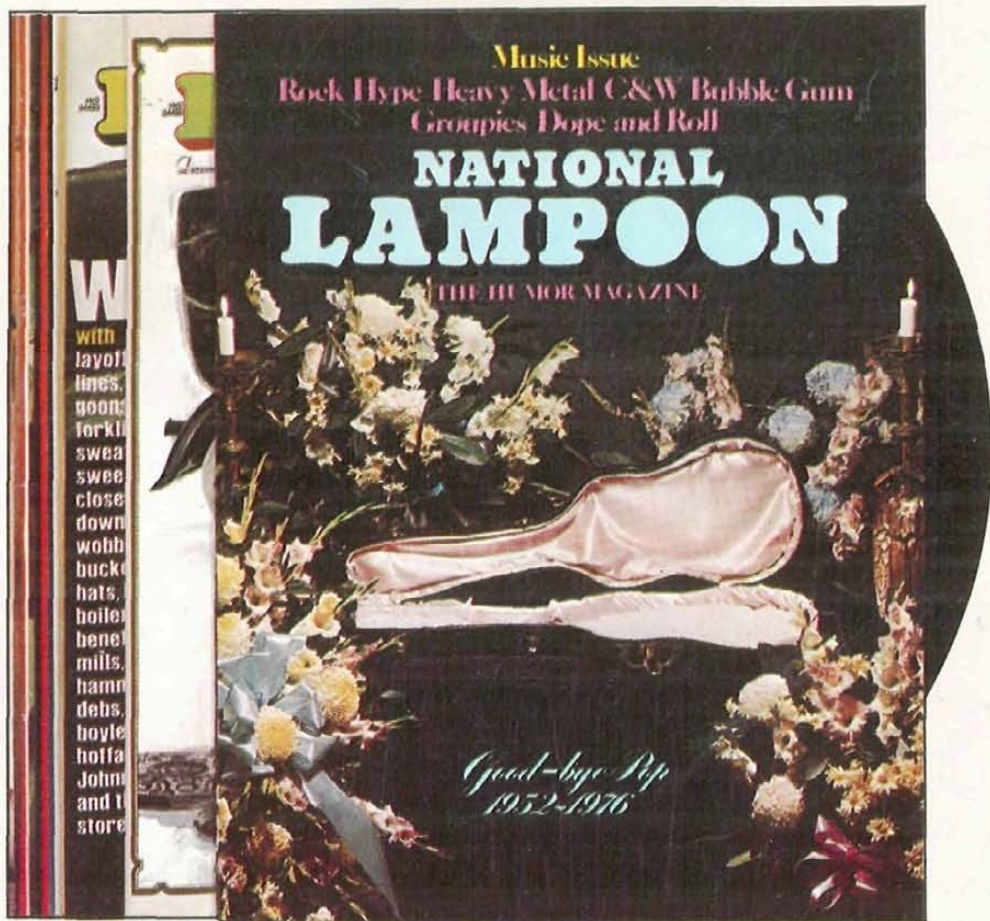
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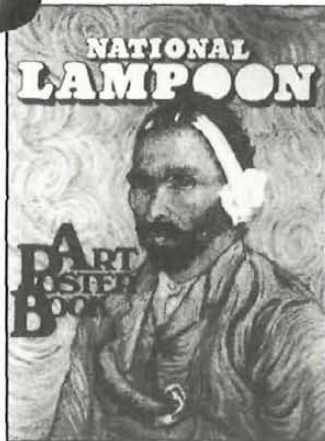
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Couched in Secrecy

continued from page 89

responsible for the deaths of over 40,000 Viet Cong.

The beauty part of Colby is that he didn't look like a killer. He looked like an accountant, as his critics have said. I agreed, though I preferred to picture him as someone who sold marine insurance in, say, Philadelphia. He was slight in build, dressed anonymously, and had an equally anonymous small-boned face.

As soon as he walked through my door, I detected his problem. His nose was growing bigger. A physical impossibility, but true nevertheless. He had been examined by our best physicians and they could find no cause for the growth. He had no allergies, no sinus problems. He was in perfect health. But the nose just grew and grew anyway. It was now almost seven inches long and three inches thick. It was very disconcerting for a man with a bland, anonymous face. Colby was very upset. Regular physicians couldn't help him. His nose was growing bigger and fleshier every day. Perhaps he had a psychosomatic problem, he said.

He gave me a short, concise biography and a description of his duties, playing down his role in clandestine operations, preferring to describe himself as an "intelligence gatherer and administrator." He was deeply religious—a regular churchgoer—but had no problem resolving the moral dilemma of his previous assassination and "interrogation" programs. It was work that had to be done for a higher and more profound cause—our national security and our way of life.

Though he was more of administrator than ever, he still liked to keep his hand in what he called "e and e" (extraction and elimination), and so he started a "junior" *Phoenix* program with the members of his Boy Scout troop where he served as scoutmaster. "It's a *Phoenix* on a very small scale," Colby said. "I've gotten the boys to capture all kinds of animals and some humans, mostly derelicts who haven't got much to live for, anyway. I've trained them to interrogate and extract information out of the animals in the same manner as our regular operatives do with humans. The boys have taken to the program marvelously, and have even come up with their own original interrogation devices. I award them merit badges

for the degree of information they can extract. Say they capture a pig or a cow and interrogate it with their electrical equipment. I can judge how well they do by the intensity of the animal's squeals, which I record on my sound measuring devices. The higher the squeal, the better the job and the bigger the merit badge. I'll never forget the time one of my boys got a bear to talk. Not actually talk, but scream out in real bear language. Of course, we don't get top-flight information out of the animals—mostly a lot of sounds—grunts, moans, squeals, that sort of thing. And the humans, the hopeless derelicts, are almost as inarticulate. But the experience is wonderful for the boys and there's no doubt that I'm building some great prospects for the agency."

While Colby was telling me this, he was methodically squeezing something, which I thought was one of those sponge rubber balls athletes use to strengthen their hands and wrists. It was a small bird. He had a dozen or so small birds and rodents with him that he liked to squeeze to death while he talked. He squeezed them slowly and carefully, listening for their faint cries of pain. His face never changed while he was squeezing, nor did he stop the flow of his narrative. He did it automatically, *professionally*, he might say. Occasionally, he would utter a deep sigh of pleasure after a particularly plump mouse or a young robin had given him a bit of a fight and he had to squeeze harder. Was there something sexual in this? Perhaps. But more important, how did a man like this start growing such a big nose?

My notes on Colby's nose problem

1. The nose as a penis-substitute. Was Colby impotent? Was he a victim of the classic sadist-sublimating-sex-into-torture syndrome? Answer: no. Besides having no guilt about torturing and killing, Colby also manages to have intercourse with his wife three times a week, according to my tapes.*

2. Unconscious desire to use his nose as an instrument of torture? A possibility. But how? Using the nose as a club and bludgeoning people to death? Blowing massive shots of mucus on an unsuspecting victim, perhaps giving

*As a rule, all CIA people bug and tape each other and play the funniest stuff at parties where their victims are not invited. One of the buggers, George Lazar, is a good friend of mine and gives me duplicates of everything he does.

continued

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continued

him an infection and a bad cold? Nothing is impossible at the CIA.

3. As a specialist in extraction and elimination, Colby is one of those rare folk who is both oral *and* anal-oriented. Savors the prospect of "sucking" out information from the enemy. Also loves to eliminate or "waste" the enemy, as he calls it. Hence, no conflict in moral values. Oral and anal drives perfectly balanced. No schizy stuff here. This man enjoys his work.

4. Has he contracted a rare disease? Something he picked up in Laos or Vietnam in a jungle swamp or a rice paddy? The medical boys said no, but they don't know everything. The thing could be a fungus.

5. I give up for now. I'm seeing him again in two days.

Two days later. I probe deeper into Colby's past for a clue. On a hunch, I ask him how he feels about Jews. Jews and big noses always go together. He hesitates for a few seconds before answering (the first time he's done this). He answers with the usual liberal platitudes about equality, etc., etc. But I found an opening. Did he ever have any contact with Jews as a boy? No, he answers. Are you sure?

At least one or two Jews at college? It seems as if his otherwise superb memory is a bit fuzzy here. He covers his face (and his monstrous nose) with his hands and tries hard to remember a Jew. There's only one way he can remember—if I can just "interrogate" him a bit he might be able to jog his memory. Highly irregular for an analyst to torture his patient, but it is an emergency. He brings me his fancy electrical stuff and a few shots of the wires on his genitals brings it all back.

"Yes! Yes! A Jew! Of course, I remember," cried Colby.

My Jewish Problem Colby's story


"Amazing how I forgot the whole thing. It happened when I was a freshman at Princeton...it must have been 1935, '36. I was pledging for one of the eating clubs, and in those days they put you through a pretty rigorous initiation. I remember being blindfolded and put in a car and driven for a long time. Then I was taken out and something was put in my hand. I couldn't figure out what it was. The upperclassmen ordered me to squeeze it with all my strength until they told me to stop. If I stopped, they

would burn my hair off. I squeezed very hard and heard someone scream in pain. But I had to keep squeezing. Finally I heard something snap. The guys pulled off my blindfold and I had a nose in my hand! On the ground was a little old man with a long, scraggly beard and a funny set of curly sideburns. He was bleeding heavily and moaning. I had torn off his nose. The guys were ecstatic, congratulating me and pounding my back. I had just completed my most difficult initiation assignment, and I would be assured a membership. I had produced a genuine Jewish nose, a fresh one. There was just one last order. I had to eat it. You have no idea what we went through in those days just to be accepted by the right crowd.

"I was told that we were in Brooklyn, in a section called Williamsburg (no connection with Williamsburg, Virginia, heh, heh). The guys knew that Williamsburg had this big colony of very orthodox, very religious Jews called *Hasidim*. Evidently, I had squeezed the nose off a very prominent member of the community, a holy man or something. Because the next thing I knew, there were about twenty of these bearded, black-coated fellows running after us, screaming in a strange language. As we dived into our car, one man pointed a finger at me and chanted something, as if he were putting a curse on me. I didn't take it very seriously. After all, it is just a college prank, admittedly a little mean, but still just a prank. I forgot about the whole thing in a few days."

Colby's story certainly added a new dimension to the problem. I know it sounds a little strange, but in 1975 we analysts look at the world of mysticism and the occult with a lot more respect than we used to. There's just too much going on in that world that science can't explain. So the curse put on Colby years ago may have finally come true. It was pretty simple. Colby ripped off the holy man's nose and ate it. The other holy man probably told Colby that the nose would come back to haunt him someday. Hence the monstrous protuberance on his face right now. I'm not saying that I believed it. But if there is a God, there's no doubt that He works in strange ways. Colby scoffed at the idea, but I had a thought. What if the holy man who cursed him were still alive? Maybe Colby could find him and get him to take the curse off and

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get his nose back to normal. We didn't have much else to go on. Colby shrugged and said it wouldn't do any harm to try. He'd have someone run a check on the Williamsburg colony to find out who the Grand Holy Man was. If he was still alive, he would be close to ninety. But maybe we can get something out of him with a little e and e, he said.

By now, I figured anything could happen, and, of course, the old Holy Man was still alive, age eighty-nine, and still living in Williamsburg as the spiritual leader of the community, virtually a saint, a living legend. Colby personally arranged for a "pick-up." Three of his most trusted operatives in the dirty tricks department were disguised as Hasidim (they were fluent in Yiddish and the books of the Torah) and got an audience with the Holy Man. They drugged his stuffed derma, rendering him unconscious. Unfortunately, in abducting him they had to fight their way past some unusually brave members of the congregation and left a few dead and wounded strewn about. Colby was furious at the mess they created, but at least they got the old man up to the e and e center in McClean, Virginia, in one piece.

The man's name was Rabbi Yehudi Ben Hebrewbaum. He was a direct descendant of the man called the *Baal Shem Tov*, the founder of the Hasidic sect. Hebrewbaum was reputed to possess the same magical powers, the same holiness of the legendary *Baal Shem*. It was difficult to tell how old he was because his face was completely covered with a dirty pepper-and-salt beard and long, curly sideburns called *payes*. He reminded me of Martin Buber, the philosopher. He smelled like a cross between an unwashed basketball player's jockstrap and a pot of cooked cabbage. About a hundred years of tenement hallways was in that smell.

Colby himself handled the interrogation (through an interpreter, of course). Lots of cool, ominous threats, careful explanations of how e and e works, how painful the interrogation can be if the information has to be extracted involuntarily. Colby had absolutely no qualms about extracting information from an eighty-nine-year-old man. It would all be done carefully, in correct proportions. But the old man was a tough nut, much tougher than he looked. Answered every question with another question.

"Who is to say what is true and what is false?" Or with a parable that no one could follow. "I am reminded of the story of the blacksmith and the chicken." Even when Colby attached the electrical wires to the old patriarch's genitals (they were huge, with the testicles hanging down to his knees), he wouldn't give in. With each shock wave the old man wailed and broke into song, that "biddie, biddie, o" stuff from *Fiddler on the Roof*. Eighty-nine years old and as tough as a Jerusalem olive tree.

He tried other methods. A little bribery. ("How would you and your congregation like to live in a nice little settlement in Georgetown? We can arrange it.") The old Nazi-style extortion ploy. ("We know you have many followers in Poland and Russia. We could see to it that they escape... or... that they are never heard from again.")

The old man resisted everything. In desperation, Colby force-fed him pork chops, pork being one of the forbidden foods in the Jewish religion. But the Grand Rabbi went crazy over the stuff and asked if he could also try ham, shrimp, and lobster. The old man was so saintly he was beyond ordinary sinning. He could even justify eating pork. Colby looked grim. His eyes were washed out, his face (not counting the flesh-pot of a nose) was pale and sunken. He looked almost beaten when he said, "My God is just as good as your God. I'm going to pray to Him every day to cure me of this affliction." The Grand Rabbi did his typical Jewish shrug (thousands of years of oppression and cynicism go into it). "Pray in good health, Mr. Colby," said the Grand Rabbi. "It took me over forty years of steady praying, day and night, to make my curse on you come true. An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a nose for a nose, right? You took away Reb Yankel's nose, so I asked God to reincarnate it on you, only bigger and fatter. Finally, after all these years, He listened to me. I prayed too long to get the nose. I'm not going to start a whole *megila* and ask God to take it away. It's too much to ask for another favor so soon. Besides, I'm an old man and I can't pray as long and hard as I used to. So I wish you a lot of luck in praying to your God. I hope it doesn't take you forty years."

For a time, Colby thought that the Grand Rabbi was a Russian agent

from the KGB. Perhaps the curse was actually some kind of secret weapon developed by the Soviet scientists, a breakthrough in protoplasm research. And the Grand Rabbi was the front, making Colby believe that the curse came from a mystical, religious source. The whole thing was an ingenious Soviet plan to subvert the activities of the CIA by giving its director the biggest pimple in the world, slowly driving him insane.

He was now determined to beat the Russians at their own game. He got the finest team of plastic surgeons to remove his nose and install some kind of artificial gizmo that looked exactly like his old one and was guaranteed to work just as well. Everything was fine for a month or so when the artificial nose started to loosen. Colby discovered he could pull the thing right off. And behind the artificial nose was that monstrous pimple, the affliction. It was growing again and pushing the plastic nose right off his face. And it was growing at an even faster rate than before. The doctors told Colby there was only one thing left. He simply had to shave his nose every day, along with the rest of his face. Every morning, a team of surgeons and nurses would descend upon his bathroom, do a complete operation, and stick a false nose on him. It was expensive, but Colby was an old hand at burying extra expenses in the CIA budget. About two thousand a day for nose grooming. We taxpayers would hardly feel it.

The Grand Rabbi is on our side now. Colby finally gave up and decided to recruit him and use him as a double agent. Of course, the old man may not have been a Russian spy at all. He was delighted to be working for Colby, even after all the interrogation he went through. Something about the interrogator and the victim forming a love-hate thing. They actually liked each other. Colby took the Rabbi on derelict-hunting trips with the Boy Scout troop. He said the old man was going to make a fine e and e man some day.

One of my colleagues in neurosurgery, Sy Spittsbard, has a crazy theory that Colby's affliction comes from some kind of brain damage he got from playing around with all those electrical wires used for interrogation. Somehow, the electrical impulses played hell with his nose over the years. Go figure *that* one out. Anything is possible in the CIA. □

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